A

JOURNEY

INTO

CORNWALL.

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INTO

CORNWALL,

THROUGH THE COUNTIES OF

SOUTHAMPTON, WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET & DEVON:

INTERSPERSED WITH REMARKS,

MORAL, HISTORICAL, LITERARY,

AND

POLITICAL.

BY

GEORGE LIPSCOMB.

"I pity the Man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and "cry 'Tis all barren; and so it is: and so is all the World to "him who will not cultivate the Fruits it offers."

YORICK.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of the following pages, having been encouraged to offer them to the Public, thinks it necessary to preface his performance with observing, that as it was originally undertaken solely with an intention of affording some amusement for the leisure hours of a Friend, he feels a considerable degree of embarrassment in exposing it to the public eye.

It was first comprised in a series of Letters; the bulk of which would have swelled the Volume to a large size; and many of the remarks and allusions, contained in them, being designed only for private perusal, would have been altogether uninteresting to the generality of Readers: it has, therefore, been found expedient to suppress a considerable part, and to put the remainder into a different dress, in which, it is now very respectfully presented.

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A JOURNEY,

&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

An Essay on descriptive writing — Eloquence — Learning — Wit.

ONE of the principal designs of descriptive writing, seems to be—to paint scenes at the moment of their occurrence; which make more impression then, are consequently more capable of exciting useful ideas, and of improving the mind, than the faint recollection retained of them, after a long interval of time. Allow me also to say, that the custom of committing our thoughts to pa-

per has many real advantages, which are not very obvious on superficial consideration; one of these is, that it teaches us to inspect the objects which present themselves to us, more nearly and accurately, and of course, fixes their remembrance in the mind more firmly: and this will not be denied, when you reflect for a moment, that painters and persons who are skilled in drawing do, from mere habit, acquire a much nicer discernment of all the parts in a picture or a prospect, than others who are unaccustomed to view them for purposes which require so much attention. It may be argued, that very little use can be made of the narrative of common occurrences which happen on a journey, and that a description of a country every day travelled over, and frequently noticed in print, cannot afford much amusement or be very entertaining; but the peculiar taste and studies of men are so widely different, and their manner of relating particulars so dissimilar, that I believe there are very few topographical histories entirely destitute of information, or from whence no useful hints can be drawn. One shrinks from the bar of Criticism,

and witholds his sentiments even from the private circle of his friends, because he fears the force of ridicule, or dreads the imputation of forwardness and assurance; and another rests satisfied with the result of his own enquiries, and secludes from the world the intelligence he has obtained, because he thinks some man better qualified to inform or instruct has trodden the same path before him. But neither the one consideration nor the other should restrain that social impulse which naturally stimulates us to communicate to each other such information as may be conducive to our mutual improvement and advantage; for the shafts of ridicule can only be directed by the hand of ill-breeding and ill-nature, when the motives of a writer are laudable: and surely it is the strongest mark of an indolent disposition, to rely implicitly upon the descriptions of others, without taking the trouble of investigating their opinions by the fair criterion of actual examination. For my own part, I usually find places and circumstances so different from what they have been represented in print, that I am always desirous to inspect as carefully those

which have been already described, as those which may have been altogether unnoticed before. The descriptions given us by some Authors have been jaundiced by dissatisfaction and peevishness; the colouring of others has been falsely heightened, until the true and original outlines of the picture cannot be traced without difficulty: in short, men are so apt to represent things according to their own fancy, and to tinge their drawings in the manner most pleasing to the eye, though often very dissimilar to the real objects they should represent, that they may truly be said more frequently to describe what they wish, than what they see. The Eloquent, ever fond of declamation, are studious for opportunities of launching forth into pompous and laboured description. The Learned involve themselves and their readers in perplexing discussions, which are, frequently, neither interesting to themselves nor entertaining to the world. The Wit (if ever he condescends to write at all) criticises and quibbles upon the opinions of others, and after pretending to detect their errors or their insipidity, leaves you in full possession of his own.

But if these three great qualifications, Eloquence, Learning, and Wit, are thus objectionable—how (it may be asked) can one who has not pretensions to either, take the liberty of obtruding himself upon the notice of the public? He cannot (I will answer) be secure from Criticism, but at least he has no reason to fear the sting of Envy; and, by a faithful and correct statement of facts, he has a chance of giving entertainment.

CHAP. II.

Portchester Castle——Fareham——Roche-Court——Wykeham—Forest of Bear—Botley—Town-Hill—South Stoneham—Prospects—Belle-Vieu.

AT the beginning of our journey, the serenity of the weather, the goodness of the roads, and above all, the health and spirits which glowed around us, seemed to promise a great deal of pleasure. How far a concurrence of circumstances, so favorable to excursions of this nature, has enabled us to examine with proper attention the various features of a Country—remarkable not only for it's picturesque beauties, but on account of memorable events which have happened, and distinguished persons who have lived in it; will be best understood by the sequel of these pages.

Portchester Castle, from which we began our tour, is situated in a Village at the extremity of a

small peninsula, running from the foot of *Portsdown* into *Portsmouth* Harbour. It's origin is attributed to *Julius Cæsar*, but very little account of it's ancient state is preserved. The Roman Eagle may however still be traced in several places, a cicumstance which Mr. *Grose* in his antiquities seems either to have overlooked or forgotten. The outside wall is pretty entire, and the buildings most decayed are evidently of a more modern date than the Keep, the Gateway leading to it, and the two Entrances, which appear to have suffered little alteration since their first erection.

This place is now made use of, for the confinement of French prisoners of war. And almost contiguous are Barracks, for the accommodation of the Military stationed here to guard them.

The town of *Fareham* is near three miles west of *Portchester*, and the road between these places, and eastward as far as *Chichester* is remarkably level. About half way from *Portchester* to *Fareham* is a neat house called *East-Cams*, fronting the south

and commanding a view of the harbour of *Portsmouth* with the shipping, and the town and dock-yard: and nearer *Fareham* on the left is *Cams-Hall*, a seat of the late *Peter Delmè, Esq.* The house stands in a park, with some fine elms and plantations of firs about it, and is handsomely built of white stone. The entrance is between two neat lodges at the very end of *Fareham.*

The tide comes up to this place, and at high water presents a perfectly Italian view. The Houses of *Fareham* covering an eminence on one side of the water, and it's Church among them with a neat cupola on the top: and on the other side a very well finished white farm house. Northward you catch a glimpse of the turnpike-road winding up a hill among verdent fields: and it is from that spot that several drawings have been taken of *Portsmouth-Dock* and the Harbour.

Fareham is a neat well built town, the two principal streets are wide and commodious, and where they unite is a small market-house. *Fare-*

ham is in the direct road from *London* to *Gosport*, (from the latter of which it is five miles distant) and in that from *Chichester* through *Botley* to *Southampton*. There is a subscription Ball every fortnight under the direction of the Master of the ceremonies at *Southampton*, which is well attended: and these meetings almost always produce a fine assemblage of beauty; though in my humble opinion not equal to the Balls at *Newport* in the Isle of *Wight*, which have been remarked as particularly distinguished in this respect. The ball-room is of a good size, but in a very bad situation, being built over the stable of an inn.

Leaving *Fareham* by the *London* road we ascended a hill, on the summit of which there is a turnpike-house, seen from the lodges at the entrance of *Mr. Delmè's* park. About a mile farther is *Roche-Court*, which at a distance appears to be an awkward old house, but on a nearer inspection proves a most comfortable and commodious mansion. It is said to have been the residence of *John* de la *Roche*, who lived in the time of *Edward*

the second, and from him descended to the *Gardiner* family. *Roche-Court* stands on an eminence, from whence there is a prospect of the Isle of *Wight*, and some part of the coast of *Hampshire;* and a beautiful shrubbery walk surrounds a large meadow, in which the house is situated.

Before you reach *Wykeham* a fine prospect presents itself from a hill—rich woods on the right, and a house sheltered by them: before you, the town of *Wykeham;* and above it, rather on the left, two good houses with plantations of firs about them.

Wykeham itself is not particularly worthy of attention, except as the birth place of the celebrated *William* of *Wykeham*, Bishop of *Winchester*, founder of *St. Mary's* College there, and of *New* College in *Oxford.* You pass a small trout stream at the entrance, and it may be called a pleasant village.

The forest of *Bear* lies north-east of *Wykeham*, containing a portion of land of considerable extent, which though in a wild state, appears capable of high cultivation.

Leaving the direct *London* road, we turned to the left over a heath, from the farthest part of which, there is a fine opening to the west; and ascending a high hill came to a neat snug box belonging to the late *Captain Wools*, who commanded a troop of the *Hampshire* Yeomanry Cavalry. This house has an extensive prospect, but chiefly over the heath and forest ground. It is called *Kidnocks*.

The road winds down another hill into *Botley*, an inconsiderable town, but to which as well as many other places on this coast the system of barrack-building has been extended. There is a bridge at the end of the town, and near it a house with a large clock whimsically placed on the roof, which makes it appear more like a public building than a private dwelling.

The next place we came to was *Botley-Grange*, a gentleman's house in a small park. At the termination of an avenue by the side of the road, is an Obelisk erected to the memory of a favorite dog.

Farther on, is a magnificent house called *Town-Hill*, built by Mr. *Middleton*, a gentleman of large fortune in the *East-Indies*, who made some figure on the trial of *Warren Hastings*: the grounds about it are spacious and pleasant, being at an easy distance from *Southampton* and it's excellent neighbourhood.

South Stoneham, the seat of Colonel *Sloane*, is not far from the last mentioned place. The House stands in a low situation at the end of an avenue of fine elms, to which you enter by a small lodge close to the road. It is a convenient family mansion built with brick, and has large gardens and pleasure grounds, which might be highly improved by a little attention. The view from one of the drawing rooms and eating parlour, though rather confined, is very striking—the river *Itchen* by it's junction with another stream forming a kind of bason at the foot of a fine lawn, and a neat bridge thrown over it, gives at once a pleasing object in perspective, and a great deal of entertainment by the diversion of fishing which it affords.

The finest trout, tench and salmon are taken here in vast quantities. The fields beyond the river are remarkably verdant and the Country in general beautifully wooded. Colonsl *Sloane* retains some part of his estate in his own hands; and all those fields have gravel walks carried round them, and through several small woods and coppices which abound with fine timber.

From the windows of the front of the house towards the garden you include a prospect of the windings of the river, which is navigable to *Southampton*, and among the rich woods which cover it's banks have a view of the ruins of St. *Dennis's*, or as *Grose* calls it St. *Dionisius's* Priory.

There is a large Block-Mill just below *Stoneham-House*, where the jacks and pullies for the shipping are made; and it is astonishing to see with what celerity the largest blocks of Lignum Vitæ are cut through.

The road from this place to *Southampton* is delightful. A handsome house of Major General

Stibbert on the left, and a fine prospect of *Southampton* Water—the navigation of the *Itchen*, and the Port of *Northam* just at it's mouth, where the Colliers and other small vessels rendezvous.

This pleasing scenery is scarcely lost to the sight, before you arrive at *Belle Vieu*, a charming house belonging to Admiral Sir *Richard King*, Bart. which was inhabited by the Earl of *Moira* during the time so many troops, designed for foreign service under his Lordship's command, were stationed at, and encamped near *Southampton*. This House from it's north front looks down an avenue which is the road from *Southampton* to *Winchester*; and from the side towards the garden commands a striking view of the modern edifices and embattled walls of the former, the ships in the river, the opposite shore of the *New Forest*, *Calshot* Castle, and the Isle of *Wight*.

CHAP. III.

The Polygon—Southampton—the new Church—Baths—Fortifications—Visitors.

ON the right of the entrance to *Southampton* are some magnificent buildings called the *Polygon*, from the number originally designed to have been built: they still retain the name, though there have been only four houses completed.

Southampton is a fine handsome town. The High-street is very broad and well paved, but the houses would look much better if the custom of building circular fronts and throwing out immense bow-windows was less prevalent: the shops however appear equal to any I have seen out of the Metropolis; and there is a great deal of trade carried on here.

A new Church has lately been built in the High-street; and, according to modern fashion,

has much more the appearance of a Play-house than a place of public worship. The west end which opens into the street, is ornamented with pillars of the Tuscan order; and there are three entrances, exactly like the doors of Pit, Boxes and Gallery at a Theatre.

The succession of company always resorting to this gay and fashionable town, makes it's balls and assemblies very splendid. The public rooms are near the water, to which the windows have a full opening; and the chandeliers and lustres are very superb. The Baths which are just below are much frequented.

No place in *England* can be better calculated than this, for the resort of such Invalids as are unable to join in all the bustle of life, but who are not incapable of enjoying the occasional relaxations of society. For the salubrity of the air here, is no less remarkable, than the striking beauty of the different roads and walks which branch out in almost every direction from *Southampton*: and in a place

where good company is always to be met with, it is very obvious that it is possible for every one to procure society agreeable to his own taste and disposition, and that the best opportunity is held out to him of enjoying life his own way.

I shall not engross the reader's time by describing the ancient state of this celebrated town, nor endeavour to recapitulate the changes it has undergone since it's foundation in the time of the Saxons; but must beg leave to refer the curious enquirer to "a Tour round *Lymington*," published a few years since by the Rev. *R. Warner*, who has taken a great deal of pains on this subject.

I shall only remark that some of the walls, particularly on the west side of the town, still continue; and there are three principal gates, and a large tower near the water, remaining. One of these gates stands in the middle of the High-street, and has several Coats of Arms painted on shields about it. On each side of the Gateway is a stone

figure of a lion painted red, and near them two paintings of giants, one of which is St. *Bevois*, the titular Saint of this place. The Water-Gate near the Quay is embattled, and has a beautiful machicolation remaining entire, as are also in both these gates the grooves where the Portcullis was formerly let down. On the side of the first or North Gate next the town, is a statue of Queen *Anne;* and passages for persons on foot have been lately cut through the sides of the Gate: but there is only one common road for horse and foot passengers and carriages through the other gates.

It has been in contemplation to remove the Water-Gate entirely, which would certainly greatly conduce to the improvement of the Quay, and facilitate the conveyance of goods to and from the water; but I hope the rage for modernization will never be so totally destructive of taste as to induce the inhabitants of the town to remove the north Gate, the entrance by which is now, not only convenient, but highly picturesque.

The lodging houses for company resorting to the Baths here, are in general very commodious, and many of them elegant.

'Though what is called the *Southampton* season is only from the middle of June to the middle of October, yet various circumstances determine the inclinations of people so much, and the regular Balls and Concerts here being kept up in Winter as well as Summer, is so great an inducement to many, that *Southampton* is now always full.

The Market, which is fronted with white stone, is well supplied with all kinds of provisions, particularly fish and fruit.

There are no fortifications here; Ships of large size not being able to come up beyond *Calshot* Castle, which is the defence of the mouth of the river. There was one brass cannon close to the Water-Tower, marked with the name and arms of *Henry* the eighth; but this solitary piece of ordnance has been dismounted by the violence of a storm and the carriage washed away by the surge.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the Inns are excellent, in a town where so much depends upon occasional visitors.

CHAP. IV.

Lord Moira's Camp—Stoneham-Park—Views—Catherine-Hill—River Itchen—St. Cross-Hospital.

WE had business at *Winchester*, which compelled us to deviate from the road we at first intended to pursue; and obliged us to take that city in our way to *Ringwood.*

The first part of the road presents a wild but pleasing scene, in part of the *New Forest* on the left; while, in an opposite direction, the eye is regaled with a rich and luxuriant prospect over highly cultivated fields.

The inhabitants of *Southampton* deserve great credit for the pains they have taken to improve the approach to that town; which must, however, have been always naturally beautiful. Beyond the avenue of trees already mentioned, clumps of

Scotch firs are planted on each side of the road, which afterwards passes over *Nursling* Common, where the troops designed for the unfortunate West-India expedition were encamped: and it was near this place where that army, with the Duke of *York* at the head of it, was reviewed by the Prince of *Wales* in the autumn of 1795.

Mr. *Fleming* has a fine seat here, called *Stoneham-Park*; and, on the verge of the Common a white summer-house, which is seen from a great distance on every side.

Taking a serpentine course through the woods and forest, you come to an eminence; from whence, looking back to the south, there is a fine view of the Sea and the Isle of *Wight*: and, descending the hill, you pass the village of *Otterborn*, four miles from *Winchester*.

The country now becomes perfectly changed: instead of the rough scenery of the heath and forest, the eye wanders over immense fields, and swelling

downs of vast extent; till, gaining the summit of one of the hills, which overtops the rest, you are suddenly presented with a view of *Winchester*, to whose venerable appearance the unfinished Palace, on a distinguished elevation westward of the town, in no small degree contributes. Near it is *Catherine-Hill*, to which the College boys daily resort, in obedience to the will of the Founder. The ditch thrown up here, is visible for many miles; being of great depth, and enclosing all the top of the hill, in the centre of which is a plantation of fir trees.

From this bulwark it is more than probable the City suffered much in *Cromwell's* civil war, to which she principally owes the diminution of her former grandeur and importance.

" Then too, her sacred rites she saw prophan'd,
" When *Charles* was exil'd, and the Tyrant reign'd;
" Her plunder'd shrines the common fate partake,
" And fall for *Charles's* and Religion's sake."

The river *Itchen* winds it's silver stream at the foot of *Catherine-Hill*, and about two miles beyond

it, beautifully adorns the grounds of Mr. *Shakespear* of *Twyford*, who has a charming house with a large conservatory adjoining.

One mile from *Winton* is the village of *St. Cross;* remarkable on account of it's Hospital (built and endowed by *Henry* de *Blois*, bishop of this diocese in the reign of King *Henry* the first) for the maintenance of poor decayed tradesmen, who live in small habitations not unlike the rooms in college. There was formerly an established table, for the daily support of one hundred persons from the neighbouring parishes, who resorted hither and were hospitably entertained: for many years, however, this part of the charity has been altered; and the money which had before been expended in this manner, appropriated to the establishment of the Master, the Chaplain, and other Officers, who enjoy a very easy life and comfortable salaries.

There is a custom retained here to this very hour, which originally sprung out of the ruins of good old English hospitality—that of affording

the relief of a piece of bread and a horn-full of beer, to every traveller, stranger, and pilgrim, who knocks at the gate and demands it: and there are not a few, who, from motives of curiosity, are induced to make the application; which must always be attended to, be the applicant of what rank or quality soever, or his visits never so frequent.

Doctor *Beilby Porteus*, since Bishop of *London*, was formerly Master of this Hospital; and it is now in the hands of the Reverend Doctor *Lockman*, who has given great disgust to some of the officers belonging to the establishment, by several alterations which he has made. One of them is the demolition of an whole wing of the building, to improve the profpect from his own apartments; and this indeed appears to have abridged the comforts of the Pensioners, without producing any kind of benefit to the Charity.

CHAP. V.

Winchester — Wolvesey-Castle — the College — the Cathedral — Ravages of Civil War — County-Hall — King's House — Queen Emma — Antiquities.

WINCHESTER is a very large City, the streets are narrow, the houses high, and at present the population much more considerable than a few years ago: but the vast quantity of garden ground within the walls, and the evident marks of buildings which in times past have been devoted to noble uses, now reduced to meanness and decay, would strongly corroborate, were their testimony wanting, the accounts we have received of it's lost splendor and faded greatness. Once the seat of Royalty, and again favored in later times by the peculiar generosity of a munificent Prince—all the remains of it's grandeur are now tottering in the ruins of *Wolvesey* Castle, or stand in a more

modern palace, a disgrace to the present age, whose extravagance and profligacy deprive it of the means of restoring such noble monuments.

Wolvesey Castle, near the site of the Bishop's Palace, was originally the residence of the West-Saxon Kings, who kept their Court here during the Heptarchy. It's name, derived from the two Saxon words which compose it, signifying the eye, corner or nook of a meadow, exactly applies to the place of it's situation; but has frequently been mistaken by travellers, who, from a similarity of pronunciation, have supposed that it was the work of Cardinal *Wolsey*.

The ruins of this building are seen to great advantage from the top of St. *Giles's* hill, eastward of the town: the Bishop's Palace seems to be following it's old neighbour very fast, the principal part of it having been taken down (it is said from prudential motives) by the present Bishop.

St. *Mary's* College, founded by *William* of *Wykeham*, and endowed as a nursery for *New* Col-

lege in *Oxford*, stands near the last-mentioned house: and it's history, published by Doctor *Lowth*, being in every one's hands, it would be impertinent to trouble the reader with the particulars of an institution with which he is presumed already to be so well acquainted.

The Cathedral of *Winton*, deservedly celebrated as one of the finest gothic buildings ever erected in this kingdom, has been noticed by several authors; I shall therefore confine myself to a few concise remarks. In it are many fine monuments of Bishops of this Diocese, and among them of *Fox*, *Gardiner*, *William* of *Wykeham*, *William* of *Edyngton*, and *Hoadley*.

King *William Rufus* is interred in the middle of the Choir under a brown marble tomb; and there is a large black monument in memory of an Earl of *Portland*, who was, I believe, Governor of *Sandown* Fort in the Isle of *Wight*, if not of the whole Island. The bones of several of the Saxon Kings, and of some of the primitive Bishops who

had been buried here, having been sacrilegiously scattered about in the time of the civil War, were afterwards collected and inclosed in six gilt coffins, now placed upon the walls which separate the choir from the side aisles of the church. Behind the Altar is a beautiful screen of white stone, enriched with the most elegant ornaments of gothic carving; against which, under a canopy of wood-work covered with a profusion of gilding and elegantly carved, is a painting of the resurrection of *Lazarus*, by *West*. This is esteemed one of his best pieces, and it's colouring has been mush improved by time, for it was rather too gaudy at first, but now the effect of the air and the sun has meliorated it in a very pleasing degree. I do not know whether the introduction of likenesses taken from some of our English ladies may be considered as any great compliment to them in this species of painting and in this particular instance, for I cannot reasonably suppose that the awful circumstance here represented was one of the most favourable for an assemblage of Asiatic beauty. The choir is paved with black and white marble, and there are several

flights of steps to the Altar, which is covered with crimson velvet and gold lace; the books used at the Communion service are splendidly bound with the same materials, and the Plate for the service of the Altar is of silver double gilt. The Bishop's throne is very elegant, and the canopy supported by corinthian pillars. The Pulpit has abundance of carving about it, and is said to be the same in which that great champion of the Protestant religion, *John Wickliffe* himself preached. The west body of the Church is more spacious than any other in *England*—upwards of three hundred feet long, and seventy feet high: the Pillars which support it are gothic, and the roof of this part of the building is of stone; that of the Choir and the space beyond it (called the Presbytery), and of three Chapels at the east end, of wood finely carved; and at the crossings of the joists are coats of arms of different benefactors to the see.

In the central Chapel of these three is an old chair, with a piece of cloth of gold over it, very much decayed, in which Queen *Mary* was seated

while her marriage ceremony was performed with King *Philip* of *Spain*; who came hither immediately after he had landed at *Southampton*. In this part of the church are monuments of the Cardinals *Beaufort* (son of *John* of *Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*,) and *Wolsey* in their full habits.—These great men, as well as *Wykeham*, *Edyngton*, *Fox* and *Gardiner*, lie on marble tombs in fine oratories ornamented with gothic spire-work, reaching up to the roof of the church.

There is an Organ placed on the north side of the choir over the stalls, and a screen or partition of stone, designed by *Inigo Jones*, separates the choir from the body of the Church. In two niches in this screen are the statues of *James* the first and *Charles* the first, in copper; and you are shewn in the drapery of the latter, a perforation made by a musket ball, when the soldiers under Sir *William Waller* (*Oliver Cromwell's* General) entered the Church.

No place however sacred can be secure from the ravages which religious phrenzy has sometimes

prompted men to commit; but one is at a loss to account for that savage barbarity which could lead even the most dissolute of the human species, so far to forget their common nature, as to violate the rights of sepulture which in all nations have been held sacred, and to ransack for plunder the mansions of the dead.

We find this puritanic army, which had engaged in the contest ostensibly for the support and defence of the Religion of their Country, disgracing Christianity itself, by actions of the most shameful atrocity. The bodies of the ancient British Monarchs were torn from their graves, and their bones made use of in the destruction of the windows of the Church.

From the tomb of *Rufus*, was taken a ring, with a ruby of large size and great value; and that nothing might escape the vengeance of these vile miscreants, the noble monuments "of Kings and awful fathers of mankind" were broken and mutilated, and many of the statues suffered decollation,

and every other indignity which could be devised by an infuriated banditti of fanatical enthusiasts.

It is said, that one of the Grenadiers in *Waller's* army, having been educated in a school founded by Bishop *Wykeham*, placed himself a voluntary centinel to protect the beautiful Mausoleum of that great man, which happily escaped untouched.

The fragments of broken glass, being collected, now form the great west window; which "sheds a dim religious light" through this promiscuous association of pieces.

The window at the east end is more entire and full of the figures of Saints and Patriarchs.

The Font is of black marble, of a square form, and ornamented with carving; supposed to represent some of the miracles performed by the Saints and Bishops of this Church.

The Cathedral, externally, appears to great disadvantage, on account of it's wanting a spire:

the Tower does not rise in a proportionable height to the size of the Church; and, being covered with a flat roof, looks unfinished.

The church-yard, which is very spacious is planted with fine rows of lime trees: and on the north side of the church is a parade used by the regiments quartered here. At a small distance from it is a charitable institution, founded by Bishop *Morley*, for the widows of Clergymen; and I am informed that several benefactions have been lately added to this excellent establishment, which have very considerably increased it's comforts. It were much to be wished that these charities were invariably applied to the relief of such objects only, as are really deserving of assistance, and to their proper and intended uses: but it is to be feared that interest and connections are often more effectual recommendations to favor, than real worth or silent merit.

The following remarkable inscription was copied from one of the grave-stones;—

"In Memory of
THOMAS THATCHER,
a Grenadier in the Northern Battalion of
HAMPSHIRE MILITIA:
who died of a fever contracted by drinking small beer,
May 12. 1764.
In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will
towards his comrades, this stone is placed here,
at their expence, as a small testimony of
their regard and esteem.

Here lies an honest Hampshire Grenadier,
Who kill'd himself by drinking cold small beer:
Soldier! be warn'd by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong or none at all."

This monument being decayed, was renewed by the officers of the Royal Artillery and of the West Kent and Sussex Regiments of Militia in Garrison at *Winchester*, in 1781; and the following couplet added:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he died by musket or by pot."

The High-street runs from east to west, and about the middle of it is a fine Gothic cross, having the statue of St. *John*, and three empty niches near the top of it.

The little river *Itchen* flows through *Winchester;* and there is a navigable canal from thence to the Port at *Northam*, near *Southampton.*

The County-Hall stands on a hill above the town: this building is of great antiquity, having been the chapel belonging to *Winchester* Castle, formerly situated just by. I have somewhere seen a quotation from *Leland*, who called the Castle, in his time, "a gallant but not great Castle, bravely mounted on a hill for defence and prospect."

In this hall is a celebrated piece of antiquity, called King *Arthur's* round table, which is placed against the wall at one end of the room; and on it are inscribed the names of *Arthur's* Knights, which agree with those we meet with in some old Poems and Romances. This *Arthur* is said to have been a very warlike and heroic prince, who governed the Silures, a people inhabiting the district of *South Wales;* and whose assistance was called for by the Southern *Britons*, when they were pursued by the victorious arms of *Cerdic* the Saxon

Chief, who had driven them to Mount *Badon*, (now called *Lansdown* Hill,) near *Bath*. The exertions of *Arthur* at that time (about the year 520) sustained, for a short space, the declining liberties of his country; but although the Saxons were defeated with great slaughter, when *Arthur* and the Britons raised the siege of Mount *Badon*, yet we find that *Cerdic* kept possession of the conquests he had before made, and he and his son *Kenric* afterwards established the kingdom of the West Saxons, which included all *Hampshire*, with the Isle of *Wight*, *Dorsetshire*, *Wilts*, and *Berkshire*: was by their immediate successor extended over great part of *Devon* and *Somersetshire*, and ultimately swallowed up all the rest of the kingdoms which composed the Heptarchy, so that they became incorporated together under the dominion of *Egbert*.

The Royal Palace, began by King *Charles* the second on the plan of that at *Versailles*, but never finished, stands near this spot. The original design was very splendid and princely; a street, equal in breadth to the front of the Palace, (about three

hundred feet,) was to have been built in a direct line from the eminence on which this house is placed to the west end of the Cathedral. The apartments are on a handsome scale, and the building is of brick with white stone window-cases and pilasters. At the entrance stood some pillars of *Smyrna* marble, which were presented by his present Majesty to the late Duke of *Bolton*, who removed them to his seat at *Hackwood*. A cupola was intended to have been placed on the roof which would have been seen at sea—so great is the elevation of the ground here.

This House has been successively inhabited by prisoners of war and by the French emigrant clergy, who were comfortably lodged and accommodated in it. It is but justice to these unfortunate men for me to observe, that their behaviour, during the time of their establishment here, was regulated by the strictest propriety and decorum: and although reports were circulated much to their discredit, representing them as endeavouring very unwarrantably to make proselytes to the roman-catholic

persuasion from among those inhabitants of the town to whom they could get access; yet, upon the strictest enquiry, these assertions are found to be only the calumnies of ill-nature: and the King's House at *Winchester*, used as an asylum for the refugee clergy of the Gallic church, may be considered as furnishing one of the brightest instances of British humanity.

There were two Chapels fitted up for the exercise of their religious duties. In the originally projected plan of this Palace was included the design of a park adjoining, twelve miles in circumference.

Winchester was undoubtedly of a much greater extent formerly than it is now; and one reason in addition to those already given for it's present diminished state, is the failure of it's manufactory: there having been a great staple for wool here, in a part of the town still called *Staple Garden;* but in which there are now no traces of such an establishment.

There is a Roman Catholic Chapel, which is always well attended; the inhabitants who profess that religion being very numerous. The Building has been lately much improved, and is now finished in the Gothic style with great neatness.

The County Hospital is a large handsome brick building, placed in a very airy situation, and kept extremely clean. Sir *John Cloberry* was a great benefactor to this institution.

At the bottom of the High-street, near a large suburb called the *Soke*, is St. *John's* House, designed for the public dinners of the Mayor and Corporation, and used likewise at the annual music meetings. The principal room is very spacious and lofty, and at the upper end of it is an original picture of King *Charles* the second, presented by himself. Near this building is *Eastgate* House, the residence of *Henry Penton*, Esq. Member for *Winchester* in several Parliaments. The river *Itchen* runs through the gardens, which have many pleasant walks about them.

A large house on the other side of the street, still called the *Abbey*, (having been built on the site of some religious foundation,) is now converted into a Nunnery for French ladies who have resorted to this peaceful retreat since the revolution in their own Country. It is not improbable that this was the place where Queen *Emma* was confined, by order of her son *Edward* the Confessor. But the story of her passing the ordeal trial, in order to vindicate herself from the suspicion of a criminal correspondence with the Bishop of *Winchester*, and also of being an accomplice in the destruction of her son *Alfred*, seems to have had no other foundation than the wild invention of monkish writers, who were generally more fond of relating wonders than truth, because they had an interest in the propagation of superstition.

The circumstance I have alluded to respecting the death of Prince *Alfred*, though so near the time of the conquest, is very imperfectly recorded. In this fact however all historians agree, that he was seized at *Guildford* as he was going to King *Harold's*

Court, shut up with his retinue in the Castle there, and had his eyes put out; and that from thence he was conveyed to *Ely* in *Cambridgeshire*, where he soon afterwards died. ' But whether he and his brother Prince *Edward* were really sent for out of *Normandy* by the Queen their mother, or inveigled hither by the artifices of *Harold*, will perhaps ever remain uncertain.

In the north part of the town was the ancient Abbey of *Hyde*, the monks of which, and those belonging to the Priory of St. *Swithin*, then situated almost contiguous, having frequent quarrels, occasioned the building of a new Church at a greater distance, that is, on the site of the present Cathedral: and at it's completion the last named society removed to their new habitation with great pomp.

Adjoining the Cathedral Church, on the south side, and particularly near the transept, are evident marks of arched door ways and windows remaining, which most probably belonged to the cells inhabited by the above mentioned monks of St. *Swithin*.

Near this is the Close, where the dignitaries of the Church have very convenient houses. In the garden belonging to the Deanry is a fig-tree, which was planted by King *Charles* the second.

Where the monastery at *Hyde* stood, a very handsome Bridewell has been lately built, and in laying the foundation several curiosities were found;—among them a stone coffin, with a skeleton nearly entire, a brass buckle, and a ring, which one of the persons who had the direction of the work then carrying on, got possession of. It was conjectured that the body was that of King *Alfred*, who is said to have been buried here; but I never heard of any inscription or other indication being discovered, sufficient to ascertain that circumstance. If however this could be proved, it would render the ring invaluable, for having once belonged to a Monarch so universally esteemed, and to whose indefatigable exertions this nation is indebted for some of the best principles of the English Constitution, the foundation of the Common Law itself, and the establishment of the trial by Jury.

" . . . . *Alfred*—
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint;
And his own Muses love; the best of Kings;"

King *Canute* the Great, who was interred in this Monastery, was a great benefactor to the Church here, having presented it with some exceedingly rich jewels, and among them with a Cross, equal in value to a whole year's revenue of the kindom: but this precious gift, with the building in which it was kept, was afterwards destroyed by fire. Thus did *Canute* think to expiate the trangressions of his life, and to make atonement for the usurpation of two kingdoms, *England* and *Norway*, (to neither of which he had any rightful pretensions,) by the slight satisfaction of enriching monasteries and building religious houses; or in other words, by pampering the appetites of Monks and Friars, and increasing their luxury, pride and laziness.

Even in the time of the Romans, *Venta Belgarum* (by which name *Winton* was then called)

must have been a considerable place: and in every part of the town have been discovered various remains of antiquity.

In the year 1789, seven stone-coffins and as many roman urns were dug up in the north-east suburb called the *Soke*. The urns were chiefly broken by the carelessness of the labourers, but some of the fragments were preserved by Mr. *Millner*, a roman-catholic priest, who has lived here for many years, and made a very interesting collection of coins and antique curiosities, which have from time to time been discovered in the neighbourhood.

In our road to *Rumsey* we passed out at the west gate of the town which is still entire. A passage has also been cut through one side of the gate for foot passengers, but the gateway for carriages is much narrower and lower than that at *Southampton*, and as it is impossible to enter the town from the *Rumsey* and *Stockbridge* roads, but by this gate unless you go a great way round, it is

sometimes productive of much inconvenience by the occasional meeting of carriages. And we were told that a load of straw had been lately jammed in and stuck fast in this passage for a considerable time while numerous carriages and travellers of various descriptions were detained on each side without a possibility of making their exit or their entrance.

The ditch on the north and west sides of the city is of a prodigious depth. Without the west gate at a little distance on the right hand stands a small Obelisk erected in memory of a pestilence which desolated the city several years ago: the inscription sets forth that the markets were removed hither out of the town at that time, and that the exchanges were made on the very stone which constitutes the basis of this monument.

CHAP. VI.

Hursley—Rumsey—Ringwood—Fording-bridge—Downton—Britford-House.

THE road to *Rumsey*, after ascending a hill, presents a fine view of *Winchester* and the village of St. *Cross;* and on the left is a fortification called "*Oliver's* Battery," where the Usurper's troops were encamped in the rebellion. It is situate nearly opposite to *Catherine-Hill*, and with it forms a very striking object in perspective, from many parts of *Winchester* and it's environs.

This neighbourhood abounds with chalky hills, and after passing many of them we came to a large house belonging to Sir *William Heathcote* at *Hursley*. All the hedge rows are full of yew trees; but notwithstanding what has been said respecting their poisonous nature, we never hear of any accidents happening to the cattle that are turned loose in the

fields near them. The yew tree seems to have been originally a native of *England*, although it is now not often met with;—the inhabitants of this country, in the bow and arrow times, it is presumed cultivated it with great attention. *Hursley-Lodge* was once the residence and property of *Richard Cromwell*, and an original picture of his father *Oliver* remains in the house.

From this place to *Rumsey* you are presented with fine forest scenery: passing between the richest woods of oak and beech trees whose luxuriant branches overshadow a road of smooth gravel; and indeed it must be acknowledged that taking *Hampshire* altogether, no county in England can furnish a greater variety of entertainment to the speculative traveller, nor afford more pleasing prospects of wood and water.

Rumsey is twelve miles from *Winchester*; near the entrance to the town we passed a Bridge over a canal lately cut from *Andover* to *Redbridge*. This town is very full of inhabitants, and a great

deal of trade is carried on here. The church is of very high antiquity, and several drawings have been taken of the pillars and arches by way of specimen of the Saxon architecture. Some authors say that *Matilda*, Queen of *Henry* the first, was educated in a nunnery here; but others, that she was at *Wilton*, and not at *Rumsey*.

The remainder of our journey to *Ringwood*, was performed at so late an hour that the little light we had, was only just sufficient to shew that our road lay through part of the *New Forest*, the beauties of which we were thus precluded from enjoying.

The Town of *Ringwood* is one of the least interesting places which any one can be destined to inhabit. It stands in a bottom surrounded by hills, which overlook it entirely, and hide a prospect of the adjacent country from every house in the town. The streets are crooked and ill paved. The Church, usually an object of curiosity in country places, is not at all remarkable, unless for

the illiterate nonsense that abounds on the grave stones.

The river *Avon*, which flows on the west side of the town affords plenty of trout, a fine addition to the indifferent accomodation at our Inn, which happened to be under the direction of a most disgusting fat drunken landlady. There is a small market-house built with brick, and the room above it serves for a play-house, the most shabby that my curiosity has ever yet led me into.

The next morning after our arrival I very readily embraced the proposal of one of my friends to accompany him to *Salisbury*, which is eighteen miles from *Ringwood;* the road passing through *Fordingbridge* and *Downton*.—On leaving *Ringwood* you are presented with a view remarkably striking; on the left is a good old Family House, with a white bridge over the *Avon*, which flows in a noble stream at the foot of the garden; the road winding on the bank of the river under the shade of some magnificent beech trees, and running

pleasantly along the bottom of a fine valley, where verdure abounds on every side: and the rich prospects of corn and grass land are finely improved by the addition of the noblest oaks and elms sprinkled about the fields with incredible profusion.

"Plains immense
Lie stretch'd beneath, interminable meads
And vast savannas, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost." THOMSON.

There is a well-built modern house among the trees at some distance from the road on the west side of the *Avon;* and further on, a large old mansion, which looks particularly venerable, being sheltered with fine plantations that extend up the slope of a very high hill. On the opposite side of the road are several houses of different descriptions and appearances; but they were chiefly situated at too remote a distance for me to observe them distinctly.

Fordingbridge is a small town, taking it's name from a bridge over the *Avon* which flows with a smooth current and forms several little islands. A

manufactory of serge is carried on here, and we saw great quantities bleaching by the river side.

The improvement of floating meadows is said to have been first practiced in this neighbourhood, and it's beneficial effects, being soon understood, occasioned it to be imitated in other places. Beyond *Fordingbridge* is a large house in a paddoc adjoining the road, well planted with firs and beech.

Downton a venal borough six miles from *Fordingbridge*, and the same distance from *Salisbury*, is a poor mean town, remarkable however for several contested elections which have been held here. The houses to which votes are annexed, are numbered with large figures over the doors; but many of them are in a shocking state of decay. The *Shaftoe* interest (a *Yorkshire* family) was considerably lessened in this place some years since, by a very ridiculous circumstance. Mr. *Shaftoe*, the proprietor of one half of the borough, took it into his head to demolish nineteen houses, which constituted as many votes, and to erect instead of them

one single dwelling, the occupier of which, he supposed, would be invested with the power of giving as many votes as had formerly been attached to the original number of houses standing there: but, to his great vexation as well as detriment, the succeeding election convinced him, that he had given his opponent an advantage which a little prudence might easily have prevented; but which it was now impossible to remedy.

Two or three miles from *Downton* is *Longford* Castle in *Wiltshire*, the seat of *Jacob Pleydell Bouverie*, Earl of *Radnor*, Colonel of the *Berkshire* Militia. The Castle stands on low ground in a park of some extent on the right of the road leading to *Salisbury*. It appears of a very unusual shape, being triangular with a round tower at each angle. The present possessor has a design of enlarging the building, but one has no idea of what form it is then to assume. His Lordship seems also to have in view some improvement of the grounds about the house, but the alterations are going on very slowly.

Leaving the direct road to *Salisbury*, and turning to the right not far from *Longford-Park*, we came to *Britford-House*, situated in a small Village of that name; (but which by the country people is called *Burford*) this was the residence of the late *Tristram Huddlestone Jervoise* Esq. and is a very comfortable mansion. It stands in a garden, around which a stream of water is conducted, well stocked with fish.

The easy distance it is from *Salisbury*, which furnishes either an agreeable ride or walk, and the advantage of society, which that city affords, are great additions to the interior comforts of the house. In the garden are some fine cypress trees, and from the windows of the drawing room, which is a very handsome apartment, is a pleasing view of *Salisbury* and it's Cathedral.

CHAP. VII.

Salisbury—the Bishop's Palace—Cathedral—Anecdote—the Council-House—Old Sarum—Return to Ringwood.

AT the entrance of *Salisbury* from *Britford* is a stone bridge over the *Avon*, not far from the Bishop's Palace; and as we must pass by that building and the Cathedral Church before we arrive at the town itself, I shall endeavour first of all, to give some idea of their situation and appearance.

The Bishop's Palace stands in a neat garden adjoining the Cathedral; there is a branch of the *Avon* conducted near the house, and though the ground is perfectly level, the walks about it are not unpleasant; and the whole being encompassed with a high wall, gives an idea of retirement and religious contemplation, which is not a little heightened

by the fine Gothic building of the Church adjacent. The House is in general gloomy, but some of the rooms are handsomely fitted up in the modern taste. The dining parlour has a cove-ceiling, and the drawing-room is both spacious and elegant.—Over the chimney is a picture of the late prelate, Dr. *Shute Barrington*, now Bishop of *Durham*. The Deanry and houses of the residentiaries are at some distance from the west end of the Cathedral.

This Edifice, which is a fine piece of Gothic Architecture, has undergone so many alterations lately, and possesses so great a share of elegance, that I must beg leave to request the attention of the reader for a few moments, while I endeavour to particularize some of it's beauties.

The present Church was brought hither from the old city of *Sarum* early in the thirteenth century, and during the time of Bishop *Poore*, in consequence of frequent disputes between the military stationed in that Garrison and the ecclesiastical establishment there. And as soon as the system of

making war was changed, and men experienced the advantageous situation of a town more easily accessible than the lofty eminence on which *Old Sarum* stood, the new city rapidly increased in buildings and inhabitants, and the old one became deserted and forsaken; until at length the former was advanced to a degree of splendor and importance unknown to the latter; of which, besides the lines of circumvallation and some few fragments of the walls, only one single house is remaining.

The Cathedral stands on a fine smooth piece of turf, which is kept with the greatest neatness and care, and there are several gravel walks leading to different doors: this was formerly the burying-ground, but the monumental stones and all the inequalities of the turf were removed when the Church was altered. This improvement however has given great disgust to some, who considered the demolition of grave-stones as a piece of profanation. The west end of the Church has several statues about it, but they have in general suffered mutilation; the heads and arms of most of them

having been broken off, by the fanatical zeal of *Cromwell's* soldiery.

The Spire, whose astonishing height has frequently been noticed, has great beauty and elegance; being placed on a lofty slender tower of very delicate workmanship.

Among the extraordinary feats which have been attempted, a story is related here of a man who stood upon the very top of this spire (four hundred feet from the ground) at the time when King *Charles* the second visited *Salisbury*, and continued there while he sung a loyal song in the King's hearing: after he had descended he waited upon his Majesty, requesting the honor of Knighthood as a mark of the King's favor and a reward of this singular proof of his attachment. The good-humoured monarch remarked, that he could not think of making him a Knight, but that he was very ready to issue letters patent, giving him an exclusive right of climbing all the steeples in *England*, and forbidding any other of his loving

subjects from an encroachment upon this privilege, by attempting to do the like.

It is a well known fact, that when his present Majesty was at *Salisbury* a few years ago in his road to *Weymouth*, some man, in imitation of the above-mentioned feat, seated himself also on the spire, and there sung " God save the King."

On entering the Church you are struck with the uncommon elegance of the fine light shafts which support the roof; these pillars are of brown stone, but the ceiling is painted in a very unbecoming manner, to represent brick-work whitened over, and the interstices marked with green lines. The monuments of many distinguished persons have been removed from their original situations, and placed at regular distances in the intervals between the pillars which separate the side aisles from the body of the Church; among them are several tombs brought from *Old Sarum* at the foundation of the new Cathedral. These are principally of Knights Templars, who fell in the time of the Crusades.

Near the west end is a small stone figure of a boy, clad in the episcopal habit and lying under an iron grating. "The *Salisbury* Guide" informs us that this was a Chorister who, according to an annual custom formerly observed here, was ceremoniously installed, and invested with a jurisdiction over the other choristers of the Church, like that of a Bishop over his Clergy; and happening to die during the continuance of his office, this monument points out the place of his interment.

Tbere is a brown marble in memory of Lord *Stourton*, who was executed for murder in the reign of *Philip* and *Mary;* and it is said, that a long time elapsed before his relations could obtain the favor of having the silken halter with which he was hanged, removed from his monument.

Here is also the dormitory of Sir *Thomas Gorges*, whose wife *Helen Snachenberg*, Countess Dowager of *Northampton*, built *Longford* Castle; and the figures of Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, with their proper symbols, are placed at

the corners. Many of the Bishops of this Diocese are buried in the Cathedral, and some of the Prelates of *Old Sarum:* and indeed the sepulchral monuments are so numerous, that one cannot view these gloomy monitors without a mixture of awe and humility.

> "The Grave has eloquence; it's lectures teach,
> In silence, louder than Divines can preach."

His present Majesty has presented the Chapter with a very handsome Organ, which is placed over the entrance of the Choir. The value of this princely gift was enhanced by the manner in which it was conferred. The King having made many enquiries respecting the alterations carrying on, and the further improvements designed, understood that the fund was nearly exhausted, and that the expence of an Organ was to be defrayed by a voluntary contribution of the gentlemen of *Berkshire* and *Wiltshire* (two counties within the Diocese), "allow me then," said his Majesty, "as a *Berkshire* gentleman, to subscribe 1000*l.* towards your design;" which was accordingly done.

The Earl of *Radnor* gave some fine painted glass windows; one, of the elevation of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, is very finely executed. —Among other improvements, three small chapels at the east end have been added to the Choir; so that the altar is now removed further back. Within the Communion rails the pavement is of black and white marble, very highly polished. The eastern window, immediately over the altar, represents the resurrection: the drapery and the circumvolutions of glowing clouds are finely expressed, and all the light introduced; appears to come from the countenance of our Saviour; which, at the same time that it dazzles the eye by it's refulgence, has an appearance of the most serene benignity. This window, as well as the one beforementioned of the elevation of the brazen serpent, was executed by the ingenious Mr. *Pearson.*

The other windows are of stained glass, in small squares and compartments, affording a degree of light that greatly tends to dispose the mind to reverence and seriousness.

A proper quantity of light, duly admitted, seems to be one of the principal points which constitute perfection in buildings appropriated to religious purposes: but although the effect produced by an attention to this circumstance is very obvious, it seems frequently, and indeed almost always neglected, in our modern Churches; which have generally a glare vastly unpleasant to the eye. The Stalls are elegantly carved, and painted brown; the canopy and curtains belonging to the Bishop's Throne are of purple silk, and the back of his Chair is covered with velvet of the same colour.

In the south aisle is a very pompous monument, a profusion of carving, gilding, and expence, without taste or meaning. It was erected in memory of *Edward* Earl of *Hertford*, son of *Edward* Duke of *Somerset* (uncle to King *Edward* the sixth) and *Ann* his Duchess.

In the pavement of the transept is a piece of brass, which was originally placed directly under the centre of the tower; but by the sinking of the

building it appears, that the spire has declined from the perpendicular more than eighteen inches. The opinion of Sir *Christopher Wren* was once taken, when it was supposed the spire was in danger of falling, and by his advice this elegant structure was so perfectly repaired, that it promises to remain long an ornament to the country.

The *Chapter-Houſe*, which is a fine room of an octagon form (fifty-eight feet in diameter within the walls) has it's roof supported by a single pillar in the centre. In the close not far from the Cathedral there is a charity for the assistance and support of the Widows of Clergymen, founded by *Seth Ward*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, somewhat similar to Bishop *Morley*'s college at *Winchester*.

Among various institutions and establishments which do honor to the liberality of this city and it's neighbourhood, must not be forgotten a Concert and Ball every fortnight; to which all strangers are admitted gratis. A Mr. *Earle*, who is lately dead, increased the fund set apart for this purpose

by a considerable donation. There is a small Infirmary, but I believe it's income is very scanty and precarious. In the centre of the town is a very large Square, in which stands the Council-House, an elegant building, erected by Lord *Radnor*, Recorder of *Salisbury*, for the transacting of public business; but the size of the Courts within, by no means corresponds with the appearance of the outside of the building: indeed I should apprehend that a great deal of inconvenience must arise from want of room, particularly at the Assizes. There is a handsome apartment for the accommodation of the Grand Jury, ornamented with several pictures; and among them are those of Sir *Thomas White*, (founder of St. *John's* College, *Oxford*,) and *Joan Poplin*, who was a great benefactress to this city. But the principal part of the building is taken up by a Ball-room, used also by the gentlemen of the county on public occasions, and by the Mayor and Corporation at their city feasts. This room is rendered capable of holding a vast number of people at table, by the contrivance of throwing out a large recess on

one side, opposite the fire places. Here is a magnificent State Chair, elegantly carved, for the use of the chief magistrate, presented by Lord *Radnor*, whose picture, and that of Mr. *Hussey*, one of the Members for the town, are placed in the room. There are also some elegant chandeliers.—*Salisbury*, being on the great western road, is furnished with several good inns. The eels here are peculiarly fine flavoured, and found in great abundance in the numerous streams of the river *Avon*, whose branches run thro' every street in the town; but by no means contribute either to it's cleanliness or beauty.

Henry Penruddock Wyndham, Esq. one of the representatives for *Wiltshire*, has a large house at *Salisbury* called the *College*, and a very excellent Library;—to this gentleman the public are much indebted for a well-written publication, entitled "a view of the Isle of *Wight*;" which contains an accurate description of that garden of *England*.

In the garden is placed a very fine old Gothic building, once a porch affixed to the north door of

the Cathedral, but removed from thence when the Church was altered. In it is an Urn, with a inscription commemorating a decisive battle between the West Saxons and Britons in the year 552, when the capital British fortress *Sorbiodunum* (now *Old Sarum*) fell into the hands of the Saxons.

Salisbury, being built entirely upon a piece of flat ground, is not seen to advantage from either of the roads leading to it. But I believe the best view of it is from the way by which you approach from *Southampton*. I cannot take my leave of this neighbourhood without mentioning the remains of *Old Sarum*, which occupy the top of a very high hill, about a mile from the modern city. This must have been a place of almost impregnable strength, before the introduction of the use of gun-powder. The intrenchments remaining are of an immense depth, and the different approaches to the works so very steep, that an attempt to gain the walls, while any inhabitants remained within them capable of making the least resistance, must have been attended with much difficulty and hazard.

Not having had an opportunity of inspecting this place with attention, I am unable to give the particulars of it's form or dimensions. The borough however, belonging to it, which sends two Members to Parliament, consists, as I am informed, of one small house only. But when we compare this with some other places, where a greater number of Electors afford more extensive opportunities of bribery and corruption, we shall be forced to acknowledge—that *Old Sarum* is, comparatively, a virtuous borough.

I am now to conduct you back again to *Ringwood*, whither we returned the next day; endeavouring to vary the scene as much as possible, by crossing the *Avon*, and pursuing our journey on the eastern bank of that river. Leaving *Britford*-House in the morning, we had a view near the river side of part of Lord *Radnor's* seat, at *Longford*, not seen from the road which carried us to *Salisbury*: and the water here being shallow, though of a considerable width, we passed through it on horseback, and ascended a hill on the opposite side

which soon brought us to a very large house, belonging to Mr. *Dawkins*. We approached the entrance, which is from the east, under a heavy portico, supported by a number of Tuscan pillars. The House is of brick, with stone window frames and door-cases; and it stands on a hill, but does not command a very extensive prospect: scarcely overlooking the plantations about it. But the grounds have great capability, and are indeed, at present, beautifully varied by gentle slopes, and shaded with noble beech trees and firs.

Further on is Mr. *Shaftoe's*, another large house on the banks of the *Avon*; which however is not, I believe, seen from it's front. This mansion has very extensive and convenient offices near it, and a large avenue of firs descends to it from the hill on the east, agreeing very well with the grounds, which are laid out in the antiquated style with great formality. Both this and Mr. *Dawkins's* appear to have been erected about the time of *William* the third or Queen *Anne*; when, with other Dutch fashions, a most absurd mode of gardening was

introduced into *England*. And it is to this false taste that we owe that torturing of Nature, the clipping and cutting of shrubs and trees into the figures of men and beasts,

"To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene
Which once was called a garden. Britain still
Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound
Giv'n by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
From geometric skill, they vainly strove
By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
To form with verdure, what the builder form'd
With stone.

* * *

Hence the sidelong walks
Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonsile box
Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl,
Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn:

* * * *

To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine."

MASON.

Mr. *Shaftoe's* Park is only separated from Mr. *Dawkins's* premises by a narrow lane; and if the two families were inclined to remove the hedges, and to substitute, instead of them, either a light railing or an ha-ha, a very fine effect might be produced,

by thus throwing into the view, from each park, all the beauties of the opposite grounds.

After having deviated thus far from the direct road, we came into it again at *Downton*, and pursued our ride to *Ringwood*.

CHAP. VIII.

Road to Lyndhurst—Minstead—Royal Stud—The Church—Cuffnels—Brockenhurst—View of the Isle of Wight—Lymington.

ON leaving *Ringwood*, the road which runs through part of the new forest is remarkably wild and uncultivated in most places: but in some there are fine large trees, and almost every where numerous herds of deer are seen sporting beneath their umbrageous branches.

One part of this road much resembles that leading from *Winchester* to *Rumsey*. It passes through a wood where the branches overshadow the road, while the trees themselves are at such a distance from each other as to admit occasional views of the circumjacent country.

The Isle of *Wight* is plainly to be seen near a house of entertainment called *Stony-Cross*, about

eight miles from *Ringwood.* We now turned to the right and passed a beautiful cottage belonging to Mr. *Drummond*, who has finished this charming retreat with great taste and propriety: the grounds are very prettily varied and the scenery around them is delightful.

Manor House at *Minstead*, the seat of Mr. *Compton*, (whose brother is rector of this parish, which includes *Lyndhurst*,) is on the right hand side of the road, and commands a pleasing view of the forest and some of the neighbouring villages.

The approach to *Lyndhurst* is picturesque; the roads like smooth gravel walks, passing over a fine green turf: and several cottages on the right, finished with the greatest neatness, are agreeably opposed by an extensive opening to the forest and race-course on the left, bounded with noble woods.

Although inconsiderable in size, irregularly built, and apparently little or no trade being carried

on there, *Lyndhurst* still deserves the attention of the traveller, and we cannot deny it's claim to the appellation of a delightful Village.

It stands on unequal ground near the centre of the forest, and seems well calculated for the residence of those who are fond of the sports of the field. *Charles* the second had a hunting box here, and the royal stable is now converted into barracks. The house is appropriated to the use of his Royal Highness the Duke of *Glocester* as Ranger of the new forest. It is but a mean building, fronting a little meadow, around which is a shrubbery walk: and at a small distance from the Church which is erected upon an artificial eminence.

This building is very small, but extremely neat, and there is a gilt cupola on the tower which is seen at a great distance in different parts of the forest. The inside of the edifice corresponds exactly with the simplicity of it's external appearance; and we attended, with great pleasure, to an incomparable discourse, delivered in it by

Mr. *Compton.* Here lies interred, Captain *Deane*, Aid de Camp to the Earl of *Moira*, who was unfortunately killed in the neighbourhood by a fall from his horse. There is no Chancel, but a sweep at the east end forms a kind of recess, in which the communion table is placed, and the pew for the Royal Family is close to it on the south side. *Lyndhurst* is only a chapel of ease to *Minstead* before mentioned.

The road from *Lyndhurst* towards *Southampton* turns south-east, and passes through the only regular street in the village; it afterwards runs in a direct line through the forest.

At the distance of about a mile from *Lyndhurst*, on the south-west is a very elegant and complete house belonging to Mr. *Rose* Secretary of the Treasury, who seems to have spared no expence in the improvement and decoration of a spot upon which Nature had previously lavished her greatest charms. The beautiful irregularity of the grounds; the richness of their verdure; the exuberant foliage

of the trees; and the elegance and taste so amply displayed in the mansion itself, conspire to render this place one of the most delightful summer residences which I have ever seen.

The house is not large, yet of a convenient size; but there is a fine room fitted up as a library, to receive a very valuable collection of books bequeathed to Mr. *Rose* by the late Earl of *Marchmont*. This opens into a spacious conservatory, ornamented with elegant corinthian pillars of a composition like Paris plaster but somewhat harder. The dining parlour adjoins the other end of the library: these apartments constitute the south front of the house, which has a balcony carried all along by the windows of the first story.

On approaching *Cuffnels*, a pleasing *deceptio visus* is produced by the serpentine direction of the road through the park; which, from the inequality of the ground between, seems as if connected with the end of a gravel walk in Mr. *Ballard's* garden at *Mount-Royal*, a pretty villa on the other

side of *Lyndhurst*. *Mount-Royal* so named by his present Majesty, is a small house finished in the Italian style, with a covered walk in front of it; and the gardens, though not extensive, are diversified by some agreeable walks, and command a fine prospect of the forest and the Isle of *Wight*.

One other habitation deserves to be noticed, which is a handsome house in a well wooded park, just by *Lyndhurst* on the road to *Lymington*. It was formerly the property and residence of Sir *Philip Jennings Clerke*, Bart. and now of Mr. *Pickering*. The house appears to great advantage soon after you have entered the gate of the park, which adjoins a neat Lodge by the side of the road and few situations can be imagined more picturesque and rural than this spot.

From *Lyndhurst* to *Lymington* the road passes first through a thick grove for some miles, (where I observed some of the largest stalks of Holly I have ever seen,) then runs through the village of *Brockenhurst*, (remarkable only for it's diminutive church

in extremely bad repair, and a fine house belonging to Mr. *Morant*,) and brings you to an open heath which extends almost to the entrance of the town of *Lymington*. Here the prospect is perfectly beautiful—neat cottages—small houses finished in a rural taste with much elegance—the town of *Lymington* and the church—the Isle of *Wight* with it's tremendous cliffs at the west end, and the gently rising hills on the east, present themselves in front; while, in the back ground, the forest, in all it's native wildness, gives a finish to the picture.

Lymington is a pretty town; and it's situation, upon a bed of fine gravel, must render it at all times dry and healthy. There are several good houses in it, commanding agreeable views of the coast, and the opposite shore of the Isle of *Wight*. It has been much occupied, during the present war, by different regiments of emigrant troops, which have been stationed here, for the convenience of readily embarking.

The living of *Lymington* was once in the hands of Cardinal *Wolsey*: and it is said to have been his

first piece of preferment; he being presented to it by the Marquis of *Dorsetshire.*

The most beautiful part of the forest which I have seen, is south-west and west of *Lyndhurst:* there it is a perfect grove.—The majestic oak, the comely beech, and the spruce holly, arising from a turf of the liveliest green, afford a complete shelter to the numerous herds of deer with which this country abounds, and admit just light enough to set off the picture to advantage.

I saw in one place a perfect Amphitheatre, covered with turf, verdant as eternal spring; solemn oaks forming a kind of magic circle, and different openings affording a transient glimpse of the circumjacent country, where neat white cottages are frequently interspersed among the forest trees. In the centre was a pool of water, in which stood several fine heifers, while others were reclining for shade under the beech trees upon it's banks, in all the luxury of rural and romantic beauty, so elegantly described by *Thomson.*

"On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and, from his sides,
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still."

Eastward of *Lyndhurst* the forest is less pleasing;—arid, bleak, lonely, tremendous bogs, roads almost obliterated by the heath, or lost from disuse. Here is a custom of placing index posts without any inscription, pointing to the bogs esteemed dangerous; but they are of little advantage to the stranger, who scarcely knows which spot it is intended he should avoid. The greenest turf, however, is most suspicious; and wherever appears a spot remarkably verdant, it almost always, in this part of the New *Forest*, covers a bog "unfathomably deep." We were near some of these places; but those who wish to visit the interior parts of the forest, are usually prudent enough to engage an inhabitant of one of the neighbouring towns as their guide.

A few miles north of *Lyndhurst* is *Paulton's* Park, a seat of the late Right Honourable *Hans Stanley*, Governor of the Isle of *Wight*. The plantations which surround the pleasure-grounds contain some remarkably fine trees, and there is a large piece of water, disposed in a serpentine shape; but the house itself is low and meanly built, not at all corresponding with the grandeur of the scenery about it.

Not far from the road which leads to *Paulton's* is an oak tree, celebrated for putting forth it's leaves on Christmas-day. I had the curiosity to visit it, but could distinguish no difference between it and other trees of the same species: however, the circumstance which I have mentioned is not only recorded in history, but reported to be true by all the inhabitants of this part of the country; and has gained as much credit with the common people, as the idea of second sight among the inhabitants of the highlands of *Scotland*.

I have already mentioned *Stony-Cross*, in our way to *Lyndhurst* from *Ringwood*. In that part of

the forest, at the foot of a hill, is the spot where *William Rufus* met with his singular fate. Lord *Delawarre* has erected a triangular monument upon the place where the oak tree grew, against which the fatal arrow glanced, before it struck the unfortunate monarch.—The inscription is as follows:—

On the first side,—

"Here stood the
Oak Tree,
whereon an
arrow, shot by
Sir *Walter Tyrrel*
at a stag,
glanced, and
struck King
William the second,
surnamed *Rufus*,
on the breast,
of which he inst
antly died, on
the second day of
August,
one thousand one hundred."

The second side,—

"King *William*
the second, surnamed
Rufus, being

slain, as is
before related,
was laid in a
Cart belonging
to one *Purkess*,
and carried
from hence to
Winchester,
and buried in
the Cathedral
Church of that
City."

The third side,—

"That where
an event so
memorable had
happened might
not hereafter
be unknown:
this stone
was erected by
John, Lord
Delawarre;
who has seen
the tree
growing in
this place:
1745."

There are now no vestiges of the tree remaining. We opened the ground near the foot of the stone, and within a railing placed for it's defence; but I am by no means certain that the piece of decayed root dug up here was oak. The identity of the spot cannot be doubted: the finger of tradition has regularly pointed it out; and, to confirm it's evidence, there is a place not far distant called *Tyrrel's* Ford, from Sir *Walter Tyrrel* having crossed it, in order to make his escape after the accident happened.

An antique spur, which is said to have belonged to the King, is still preserved at *Lyndhurst*, in the house belonging to the Ranger of the New *Forest*: and it is reported, that a few years ago the wheel of the cart in which the Royal Corpse was conveyed to *Winchester*, remained in the possession of a peasant living near this spot; who was lineally descended from the before mentioned *Purkess*.

The prospect from the adjoining hill is truly sublime: the variegated hues of the forest trees, the

dark and rugged appearance of the heath, the neatness of the country cottages around, the distant view of *Southampton* and the river, of the Isle of *Wight* and it's hills, are objects in themselves so striking, and which furnish so great a variety of ideas, that he must be totally insensible who can contemplate such scenery without a mixture of admiration and delight.

It has been frequently noticed by authors, as a mark of divine justice, that both *William* the Conqueror and his successor *Rufus* came by their deaths in the very place which had been the principal scene of their diversions; and where, by depopulating the country, they had sacrificed the rights and happiness of their subjects to an inordinate exertion of arbitrary power.

> "Even to feed
> A Tyrant's idle sport, the peasant starv'd;
> To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
> The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was giv'n,
> And the brown forest roughen'd wide around."
>
> THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

Before I conclude this Chapter it may not be amiss to remark, that there is a large inn at *Lyndhurst*, built by the subscription of the gentlemen of the New *Forest* hunt; where the traveller is sure to meet with most excellent entertainment.

CHAP. IX.

Ringwood—Wimborne—the Church—Monuments—Merley—the Library.

OUR road lay through *Ringwood* to *Wimborne*. The distance from *Lyndhurst* to *Ringwood* is not quite twelve miles. We have before observed, that the road passes over a very wild part of the forest; but you are presented, in several places, with extensive prospects, opening to fine romantic scenery. On your left, the Isle of *Wight* —before you, the hills of *Dorsetshire*—and on the right those of *Wiltshire*, not far from *Salisbury*. Farther on is a fine winding valley; and, at two miles distance from *Ringwood*, a view of *Christ-Church*, and the head of land near it. The parish Church is very large.

Beyond *Ringwood* the hills were covered with heath, and appear black and dreary. At the end

of the town are two bridges, over different branches of the river *Avon*; on the western bank of which General Sir *William Howe*, K. B. has a fishing cottage. There is a hill to ascend, half a mile from the river, and the road afterwards becomes entirely open; presenting a prospect, first of the Isle of *Wight*, and afterwards of *Purbeck*: but the country around is perfectly barren. Here we lose those fine herds of deer, which rendered the forest near *Lyndhurst* so picturesque. On the hill near *Ringwood* is a view, eastwardly, of the valley in which that town is situated, and the river *Avon*, with the distant hills of *Wiltshire*. At this place the road divides; one track going to the right, the other leading to *Poole*. At some distance, on the left, is a large house, with fir trees about it; upon an eminence much exposed to the wind, but appearing to command a view of the sea, which, even here, we just caught a transient glimpse of. We turned to the right for *Wimborne*. The ground is covered with heath and furze till within two or three miles of the town, where the inclosed fields seemed to be adorned with unusual verdure, when con-

trasted with the barren surface of the forest, with which the eye had been before fatigued. There is a large monument or obelisk, at some distance from this part of the road; and near it a white house, sheltered by fine plantations.

We entered *Wimborne* by a bridge over the little river *Allen*, which below the town falls into the *Stour*. The streets are very irregularly built, but there is a handsome square. The Market-House is small and neat, and the Church is very well worth the trouble of visiting. It is a spacious edifice, with two square towers near the west end; and it's form resembles that of a Cathedral. It has had a peculiar and exempt jurisdiction ever since the time of *Edward* the second, who called it his "free Chapel;" and it has now three Ministers, elected by the Corporation of the town. It was formerly a Collegiate Church, and was made a Deanry in the reign of *Henry* the third. There are ten stalls on each side of the Choir; but no distinguished seats, as in Cathedrals, for the Bishop or Dean.

The roof of the west body of the Church is supported by pillars of the Saxon architecture: there are five on each side; but at the end are two additional pillars, of an octagon form, which do not appear of equal antiquity with the rest. Perhaps this part was added to the body of the Church, sometime after it's first erection.

A plain blue stone, in the middle of the Choir, has these words, " JOHN DE BERWICK, DEAN," 1312. In the north end of the transept is an old monument in memory of *Nicholas Pope*, and near it the figure of a skeleton, rudely drawn on the wall. This Mr. *Pope*, from the size and figure of his tomb, seems to have been a person of great consequence, and probably a benefactor to the Church; but that I could not ascertain.

The Font is made of a coarse kind of blue marble, like the steps upon which it is placed, but entirely without ornament or sculpture. The length of the Church is about 200 feet. There is a large Organ, placed in a handsome Gallery over

the entrance to the Choir; and near it a Reading-Desk, supported by a brazen eagle, to which you ascend by a flight of steps.

The following lines were copied from a monument near the south door, in memory of *Edward Butt*, A. B. Master of the Grammar School here, and afterwards of that in the *Close* at *Sarum*.

"'Twas in his mild, his ever gentle heart,
Each soft affection dwelt, devoid of art;
His was the tender wish and pitying sigh,
Domestic Love and feeling Charity;
Still fond to give, still ready to bestow,
He felt a pang at sight of human woe;
The poor, the hungry eat his daily bread,
They eat—and blest the pious hand that fed!
Thus, loving and belov'd, the path he trod,
That led to Peace, to Heaven and his God."

The Church of *Wimborne* is said to have been founded in the year 712; and, in *Camden's Britannia*, a Nunnery is mentioned as having been built here by the Sister of King *Ina*. It was afterwards a Deanry, whereof Cardinal *Pole* was Dean —of which same circumstance *Isaacson* has pre-

served some account in his "Chronology," an elaborate work, containing an history of all the Monasteries and other ancient religious foundations in the Kingdom.

Part of the church appears to remain in the original state, especially the centre of the building. There is a monument in a nich in the south wall of some eccentric person who was determined, as tradition says, to be interred neither in the church nor out of it. He certainly took the only method of accomplishing this wimsical design—by being buried in the situation in which his tomb stands.

Not far from the altar is a monument with the following imperfect inscription in the old text characters on a brass border.

"Conjux quondam Henrici Courtenay, Marchionis Exon et Mater Edwardi Courtenay nuper Co."

This was *Gertrude* Daughter of *William* Lord *Mountjoy*, who with her husband and others was

attainted for holding a correspondence with Cardinal *Pole*. The Marquis of *Exeter*, (Grandson of *Edward* the fourth) was beheaded; but the Marchioness was pardoned and died naturally.

In the east window is a coat of arms within a garter, probably of one of the *Blounts*, Lord *Mountjoy*. King *Ethelred* was buried in this town; and, on the demolition of the church where he had been interred, and which is said to have stood at some distance from this building, his remains (as the inhabitants relate) were placed on the north side of the altar, with a small brass figure over the grave.

King *Ethelred* was buried in the year 872; having been slain, as the inscription sets forth, by the pagan *Danes*..

" IN HOC LOCO QUIESCIT CORPUS SANCTI *ETHELREDI* REGIS WEST SAXONUM MARTYRIS, QUI A° DOM. 873. 23 APRILIS, PER MANUS DACORUM PAGANORUM OCCUBUIT."

The letter C, in the word Dacorum, as spelt on the brass plate, being evidently a mistake of the engraver. But it is impossible for the body of the King to have been deposited beneath the precise spot where this monument is placed, there being a large vault supported by arches under all that part of the choir, and a passage through it from the north to the south side of the church.

There are several pillars in this old crypt, some of them circular, other hexagon; and divine service used to be performed in it every morning, but the windows are now closed up, and it is very damp. There was formerly a spire upon the church which fell down in the year 1610.

Lord *Fitz-Peters*, a General who served and died in *France*, desired to be buried near the before named Monarch his royal master, and he was accordingly laid in the north aisle, by the side of the wall which separates it from the choir.

Part of a stone figure of this Warrior remains lying upon an old tomb very much broken and defaced. This nobleman was perhaps employed after the alliance had taken place between *Ethelred* and *Emma*, sister of the Duke of *Normandy*: the Normans at that time being engaged in a war with *Robert* King of *France*; but this is only a conjecture of my own, for I do not recollect meeting with the name in history: except that there was one *Geoffrey Fitz-Peters*, a Lord of the regency during the absence of *Richard* the first from England, when he visited the Holy Land.

How instructive is the lesson taught us by these monuments of earthly grandeur! The mouldering bones of Kings and Nobles, are here blended in one common mass with those of the meanest peasant. What, though the expressive marble rival even life itself, and the gorgeous sepulchre rear it's proud arch with all the glittering ornaments of funereal pre-eminence! Can these distinctions shorten Death's gloomy reign, or soften that awful sentence, "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return?*"

On the south side of the altar are two figures in white marble of *John* Duke of *Somerset* and *Margaret* his Duchess—he was a General under *Henry* the sixth, and bore a considerable share in the administration of public affairs during that reign. His lineage was truly noble and illustrious for he was the son of *John* de *Beaufort*, Marquis of *Dorsetshire* and Earl of *Somerset*; nephew of Cardinal *Beaufort*, Bishop of *Winchester*; and grand-son of the renowned *John* of *Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*, the son of King *Edward* the third. His own sister was married to *James* the first, King of *Scotland*, and his only daughter *Margaret* to *Edward* Earl of *Richmond*, half brother by his mother's side (*Catherine* of *France*) to *Henry* the sixth, from which marriage *Henry* the seventh was descended. The above-named Queen of *Scots* was wounded in a vain effort to save her husband from assassination, and after the death of that Monarch she was made the guardian of her son during his minority. The Duke's helmet is still preserved over the monument.

The custom of placing the armour of deceased warriors near their graves, is certainly of great antiquity; but I do not remember being told, by any author, from whence it originated. I have sometimes thought the hint was taken from the Roman gladiators, who, whenever they retired from the exercise of their savage profession, hung up their weapons, and those of their vanquished enemies, upon a pillar near the *Arena*, where their combats had been formerly held.

These vestiges of ancient times, like the monuments of our forefathers, afford scenes of awful reflection, and a kind of gloomy pleasure. To tread these sacred walks, to read "the boast of heraldry,"—to weigh the characters of men who flourished many centuries ago, and to appreciate their worth, are impressive subjects, of great and general import.

"Oft' let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,)
Along the walls, where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern Patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just Men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
And *Saints*, who taught and led the way to heav'n."

T. TICKELL.

At the west end of the Church is a very remarkable Clock; in the face of which the figure of the Sun, which passes round a circle, indicates the hour, while two balls, one fixed in the centre, and the other in the first or innermost circle, represent the Earth and the Moon. When the Clock strikes, the figure of a Soldier, on the outside of the Tower, beats with a hammer upon a little bell.

There are several chests in the Church, rudely formed out of solid blocks of wood, and having four or five locks to each. They were formerly intended as receptacles for the money arising from an estate in this neighbourhood, bequeathed, in support of a school, by *Margaret* Countess Dowager of *Richmond*, and mother of King *Henry* the

seventh. To this lady and her family the Town, as well as the Church, is much indebted.

The King's Arms are painted upon the Organ Gallery, with the figures of Justice and Mercy on either side. In a small library belonging to the Church, some curious old books are preserved,—The works of the Fathers, a fine Polyglot Bible, *Baker's* Chronicle, &c. &c.

But little is said of the town of *Wimborne* in history.—On the death of *Alfred*, *Ethelwald* his nephew collected an armed force, and took possession of it, with an intention of opposing *Edward* the Elder, son of the deceased King; but was soon driven from thence by a great army, and compelled to seek refuge in *Normandy*; from whence returning into *Northumberland*, he again assembled his Partizans, and occasioned much alarm to the new King, by making an incursion into the very centre of his dominions: where, however, his forces were at length defeated, and himself slain.—*Matthew Prior* is said to have been born here.

There is a good bridge of twelve arches over the river *Allen*, near it's junction with the *Stour*, on the south side of the town; over which we were conducted to *Merley*, the seat of Mr. *Willett*.

The House stands on very high ground, and commands a view of *Wimborne* and the hills beyond.

The Entrance-Hall is ornamented with several fine marble busts, and a statue of *Ralph Willett*, Esq. uncle to the present proprietor of the mansion.

There is a noble Saloon, and several other apartments, very elegantly furnished; but above all, a most magnificent Library, fitted up with superb mahogany cases, and containing one of the best collections of Books in *England*. The authors on different branches of science and literature are properly arranged in classes, and the books are generally done up in the most costly bindings.—The dimensions of the room are eighty-three feet by upwards of twenty, and the height in proportion.

The Library is connected to the body of the house by a Colonnade, and there is a similar building at each corner for different purposes; which, though very useful, so far as they serve to increase the size of the house, give it, externally, an heavy awkward appearance.

The building is of brick, with the arms of the family in a pediment over the entrance, which is by a small flight of steps, by no means corresponding with the grandeur of the house. The kitchen garden is in the old style, and very little attention seems to have been paid to the pleasure grounds, although they are capable of great improvement.

The road from *Merley* to *Wimborne* affords a very agreeable ride; but in consequence of the windings of the intervening river, the distance is much greater than it seems to be, when the house is viewed from the opposite side of *Wimborne*.

CHAP. X.

Kingston-Hall——Badbury Rings——Keynston——Blandford Forum——Bryanstone Park.

LEAVING *Wimborne*, we pursued a western direction, rather inclining to the north; and having passed through a narrow lane for a mile and half, came to *Kingston* Hall, a well-built family house on the left, the property of *Henry Banks*, Esq. grandson of Sir *Ralph Banks*, who built it in 1663. The grounds are planted with firs and beech, and there are several clumps on some of the neighbouring hills. *James* Duke of *Ormond* was excessively fond of this place, where he passed a great deal of his time, and at length died here. There is said to be a fine collection of paintings, by Sir *Peter Lely* and *Vandyke*, still preserved in the house.

Ascending a hill, near the entrance to Mr. *Banks's*, we came upon the downs; from whence is

a view of an ancient encampment, on the summit of a lofty eminence. Another hill brought us to the third mile-stone from *Wimborne*, and after descending through an enclosed country, we approached the foot of the Down on which the fortification before mentioned is situate.

My curiosity was never better repaid than by deviating from the direct road to take a more particular view of this piece of antiquity. It is called by the country people *Badbury-Rings*, probably from the three circular ditches with which it is encompassed. These lines of circumvallation are of a prodigious depth and remain entire. The circumference of the outer circle must be upwards of a mile, and the intervals between the ditches are, at least, thirty yards broad. Upon an eminence in the centre is a sort of Keep, from whence the prospect extends several miles a round.

Here is a plantation of firs and among them a fine spring of water on the very top of the hill. The lines are exactly drawn, and there are two principal entrances opening directly from

the north and south, with a kind of postern on the north-west. This work has been attributed to the Romans, and some of their coin and urns are said to have been dug up here in the last century: but besides that the form of the entrenchment differs from what was generally used by the Romans, who always preferred the square, when the ground would admit of it; the termination of the name as continued to this day is clearly of saxon origin.

There is a tradition that this was the palace of some of the West Saxon Kings—and *Hutchins* in his "History of *Dorsetshire*" has preserved the old name of Baðan Byꞃiᵹ but there are now no traces of walls, nor even the least appearance of stones about the spot. We were told, indeed, that a few years since, a quantity of small pebbles was discovered here, such as were formerly used when slings constituted a part of our implements of War. In this fortification *Edward* the Elder posted himself, when he designed to make an attack upon *Ethelwald*, who had shut himself up in the town of *Wimborne* as already stated.

I have before observed, that the Romans always chose the square form of encampment, and only deviated from it when the situation or nature of the ground rendered such variation necessary:—the Britons Saxons and Normans almost invariably made circular intrenchments, and opposed their entrances to the cardinal points of the compass. I do not mean that this rule was so strictly attended to, as a certain author imagined, who has gone before me on this subject—and who, whenever he met with an encampment which did not exactly conform to it, set himself to work in order to prove that the meridian was altered by course of time.

The Romans usually fixed their stations as near as possible to a river; and where they could so contrive it, at the confluence of two small streams: and as it would not have been difficult to find a situation, not far from the place before mentioned, which would have admitted of a fortification of the same shape usually preferred by the Romans, and rendered eligible by their favorite qualification of a running water—I have no hesi-

tation in giving an opinion different from that of some Antiquaries who have described this place—that the *Castrum Æstivum Badbury*, was not of Roman but of Saxon original.

A little further are three Barrows on the left of the road: one appears as if it had been opened, and there is another on the right, rather larger.

The prospect opens to the south-west, while before you the country is enclosed, and abounds with fine underwood.—Here we came to the little village of *Keynston*, lying between two hills in the midst of corn fields, and having a fine stream of water running through it, which soon empties itself into the *Stour*. After ascending a hill we came to another Down sprinkled with ash trees, and upon an eminence on the left, is a circular encampment with two rings or lines of circumvallation, now, nearly obliterated. Whether any decisive battle has been fought near this place, history does not say; nor does tradition assist the researches of the curious: but there are several tumuli in the neighbourhood; and it is evident that these works

must have undergone considerable changes since they were first thrown up. Perhaps the barrows in this place might be of Danish origin, this however is a circumstance very difficult, and indeed almost impossible to ascertain. One of them was opened some years ago, and it was then supposed from it's form and dimensions, that a great number of bodies had been interred in it; but no discovery was made to what people it's foundation should be attributed.

From this place is a view of the town of *Blandford*, and *Bryanstone*-Park, the seat of Mr. *Portman*. The road afterwards descends irregularly till it reaches *Blandford*, at the entrance of which is an old farm-house still retaining a monastic appearance. The streets are spacious and well built; some of them are paved with free-stone, but commonly with flints; and there are two good Inns. On the north side of the principal street, is a handsome market house and town hall of white stone, and in the western part of the town is an assembly room. The church is small but finished in a very elegant style, and placed in a fine broad street.

Blandford Forum has suffered a great deal by fire, having been three or four times accidentally burnt. The last conflagration happened in 1731, when the Church and great part of the town was consumed, and fourteen inhabitants perished in the flames. The architect employed in re-building it was a Mr. *Bastard;* who has erected a kind of porch, supported by pillars, over a large pump near the Church-yard; with an inscription, setting forth—the particulars of that calamitous event—his success in re-building the town, which has arisen "like a Phœnix from it's ashes"—and his liberality to the poor, to whom he gave 600*l.* and was otherwise a great benefactor.

The river *Stour* runs on the western side of *Blandford*, under a neat stone bridge, which is the boundary of *Bryanstone*-Park. The grounds belonging to this delightful seat are uncommonly beautiful. You approach the house by a most agreeable walk of fine turf, through a shrubbery planted with the choicest trees, extending like a screen along a slope reaching from the bridge to

the Mansion-house; and enjoy a luxuriant prospect of a rich park well stocked with deer, and so full of game, that hares, pheasants and partridges are almost constantly crossing your path—the river *Stour*, bending it's course through the grounds, and forming a small cascade in view of the house, —and the town of *Blandford* on the opposite eminence. The house is built of *Portland* stone, in the modern taste, the front being ornamented with pillars of the doric order. It is placed on a rising ground, at the extremity of the shrubbery, which shelters it on one side, and hides the offices and stables which are both large and elegant.

Among a variety of scarce trees, which are cultivated here very carefully, is the purple Beech, a species of that tree with the bark and leaf of a crimson colour; which has a very pleasing effect, when contrasted with the spruce and silver firs, which grow in almost matchless beauty. There were several cages full of Golden Pheasants and curious Fowls, and in one of them was a fine Eagle.

CHAP. XI.

Milton Abbey—Gothic Hall—Pictures—Chapel—Canal—Village of Milton—Child Ockford—Stourminster-Newton—Stock-House.

We rode from *Blandford* to examine the Earl of *Dorchester's* seat at *Milton Abbey*, which every one should see who makes a tour of this part of the country. It is about seven or eight miles west of *Blandford:* the road to it is not remarkable, except in one place, where it presents a very fine prospect to the north-west.

We descended into the garden between two neat lodges, having on each side a great hedge of laurel planted upon sloping ground, on the ridge of which is a row of high fir-trees of various kinds. This walk terminates in a noble avenue of elms through which you catch a view of the opposite hill, studded with green tufts of furze and broom.

The pleasure grounds form a small irregular valley, remarkably rich in verdure, into which the principal front of the house looks. The building is of white stone, in the Italian taste; but the Guides informed us, that it was intended to correspond with the fine gothic remains of the Abbey contiguous. It is certain, however, that it has no resemblance to that kind of architecture, except in the form of the windows.

The entrance is under an arched gate-way, into a court-yard paved with flag stones; and opposite the door you come in at, is a magnificent hall, perfectly gothic, with a fine fret-work ceiling, and decorated on all sides with numerous coats of arms: among which the rebus of a Mill and a Tun often occurs.

This room fills the mind with the utmost veneration for the memory of our ancestors, by conveying to us, at once, an idea of their magnificence and hospitality. In such apartments as these did

> "Thronging Knights, and Barons bold,
> In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;"

and, while within these walls convivial festivity gladdened each social heart, the distribution of benevolence without—comforted the weary pilgrim and the distressed mendicant. Here, in the ruder ages of unpolished manners, sat the mighty Chieftain, proudly pre-eminent, recounting his warlike achievements to admiring guests; and celebrating the praises of his heroic ancestors, while flowing bowls were quaffed in remembrance of their fame. The proud Baron, here, planned the schemes of his martial exploits; and here, in revels and carousals, commemorated preceding victories. Here, he received the homage of his dependents, and dictated the feudal and despotic mandates by which his vassals were governed!—This fine apartment is of a very large size, paved with white stone, and furnished with marble tables and mahogany seats.

"Here, the ample hall behold!
Where noble Chiefs and Barons bold,
Flush'd with blood, from fight or chace,
Ambitious of heroic race,
Hung their hostile trophies high,
And, shouting, shook the ambient sky:

His harp the hoary Minstrel strung,
And legendary numbers sung—
War's inexorable flame,
And daring deeds of matchless fame;
While the goblet, circling round,
Ev'ry softer passion drown'd."

The drawing room is not large, but most elegantly furnished. The chairs are covered with red morocco leather, and have gilt frames. The pictures are, as follows:—*John* the great Duke of *Marlborough*,—*Sarah* his Duchess,—*Joseph Damer*, Esq.—*John Damer*, Esq.—*Joseph* Lord *Milton*,—*Caroline* Lady *Milton*,—*Lionel* Duke of *Dorset*, and his Duchess.

The Library is a small neat room, and seems to be fitted up for use rather than ostentation. In it, are half length portraits of Sir *Edward Coke*,—Lord Chancellor *Hardwicke*,—and King *William* the third. The ceilings of this suite of rooms were executed by *Wyatt*; and they are all furnished and hung with pea green sattin; and have handsome chimney pieces of different coloured marbles in

the modern taste. You next come to a bed chamber, furnished like the rest, and containing pictures of the honourable *John Damer* and Lady *Milton.* The carpets of all these rooms are very superb, but the floors are so highly polished, that you cannot step upon the boards with safety.

In a small dressing room are some pretty sketches and drawings from nature, by the ladies of the family: among them I observed a view of *Milton* Abbey, which seemed to be very well finished. In another room is a fine head of a Jewish Rabbi; and, over the chimney, Lady *Henly Mc Leod.* In a bed chamber adjoining, Lord *Milton* and Lord *George Sackville.* In another, Lord *Hardwicke*, and two very old figures whose names I could not discover. In a third, the present Earl of *Dorchester* and the late Lady *Milton*, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds.*

The stair case is of white stone, with an iron balustrade and plain mahogany rail, without any ornament. In the first apartment above, is a good

painting of *London*, and half lengths of the Duke and Duchess of *Dorset*, and of *John Damer*, Esq. with the date 1674. The suite of apartments on the west side of the house is hung with beautiful white silk damask, with window curtains and chairs to match: and the fire places are astonishingly superb—the borders of some of the register stoves being of silver.

In the Ball Room, which is very large and elegant, are several fine pictures; among them,—*Edward Hyde*, Earl of *Clarendon*,—Lord *Newport*,—a Friar with a skull before him, by *Titian*, uncommonly well executed,—King *Charles's* Queen, the daughter of *Henry* the fourth of *France*, and *Jeffrey Hudson* her favourite Dwarf,—*Henrietta*, Duchess of *Orleans*,—an incomparable head of *Rembrant*, by himself,—the cruel Duke of *Alva* on horseback,—a view of shipping,—*Romulus* and *Remus*,—St. *John* in the wilderness. The State Bed Chamber, which adjoins, is less magnificent than the other rooms: the bed and furniture are white silk damask. From hence the perspective,

through all this range of apartments, is very pleasing. Descending a stair case you approach the Chapel, which is the remaining body of the Abbey connected to the house by a Colonnade.

The inside is fitted up like the choir of a Cathedral, but the pulpit and stalls are modern. Near the entrance, in the north end of the transept, is a handsome monument of white marble, erected in memory of the right honourable Lady *Caroline Milton*, daughter of his Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, and Lady of the present Earl of *Dorchester;* who has placed his own figure, in a recumbent posture, eying his Lady with looks of the tenderest affection. In the window over this monument, are several coats of arms in stained glass.

Behind the altar is a gothic screen, similar to that in *Salisbury* Cathedral. The altar itself is of variegated marble, divided into pannels or compartments, with a coat of arms in the centre of each. This was originally the monument of an Abbot, which was discovered a few years ago, when the

Chapel was finished in it's present form. There is an Organ placed over the entrance into the Choir, with a great deal of carving about it, in imitation of the gothic architecture of the building.

In the stalls next the entrance are two very old paintings on wood, that on the right, a figure of King *Athelstan* with these words—

"Rex Athelstanus hujus loci fundator."

On the left, the figure of a Woman holding a bird in her hand. This was most probably designed to represent King *Athelstan*'s Mother, who was also buried here. In the south transept is the model of a spire said to have been intended for this church but never erected: and there is an elegant font made of some composition so as to resemble one entire stone. The choir is paved with marble, and the body of the church with white stone.

Part of this elegant structure was destroyed by fire in the year 1309, and has never been re-built, but the remainder was preserved with great care, having been ever since that period, the resi-

dence of the *Damer* family. King *Athelstan* was, as has been before related, the founder of this edifice; and of him it ought to be remarked, that amidst a perpetual series of warfare and confusion, during almost his whole reign, this Monarch was ever attentive to the interests of Christianity and ever zealous in the encouragement of piety and religion. In his reign the scriptures were translated into the Saxon language.

The prospect of the abbey and the house is extremely elegant and striking from every part of the garden, and particularly, from a very well imitated ruin by the side of a venerable grove on the north west. The Earl of *Dorchester* has taken great pains to improve this place, by digging a fine lake; but his endeavours do not at present succeed in keeping the water within it's banks.

His Lordship has also expended a great sum of money in causing the houses which composed the Town of *Milton* (alias *Middleton*) to be entirely demolished: the principal design of which was to

increase the size of the pleasure grounds, and to improve the approach to the house. The present Village of *Milton* is built on a rising ground near the site of the old Town, and the Cottages, which are finished very neatly, exactly correspond: they are covered with thatch, and every house has a small garden attached to it. The church has been rebuilt and is handsomely finished; and on the opposite side of the street, is a building for the reception of aged and infirm paupers. Few prospects can be imagined more picturesque than the view of the Abbey and the Mansion-house, sheltered by noble woods whose appearance bespeak their antiquity.

There is a good stone bridge over the end of the Lake before mentioned, leading from the Village to the Park. We had an agreeable ride from this place to *Blandford*, through a very romantic wood, in some places, almost impervious, which brought us to a lofty hill, from whence we had a view of the cliffs of the Isle of *Wight*, the Isle of *Purbeck* and *Corfe* Castle.

This part of the country seems to abound in medicinal plants, among them I observed in the wood just mentioned, a vast quantity of the wild sage, which has been deservedly celebrated for it's efficacy, in obstinate Rheumatism and some other disorders.

The road from *Blandford* to *Sherborne* passes *Bryanstone* Park, of whose beauties I have already attempted to convey a faint idea: and entering upon a winding valley there is a beautiful view on the left, of a Village called *Durwich*, situated among the most verdant meadows; and over-topped by hills covered with corn intermixed with flowers of various dyes and exhibiting—

" A gaily chequer'd heart expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around."

Here the road divides, one branch going up a steep hill to *Stour-Paine*, the other, turning to the left, leads to *Stourminster-Newton* and *Sherborne*. We rode through the Village of *Durwich*, and ascending a very high hill, observed a fine encamp-

ment on the right, evidently Roman. There are some lines of contravallation perfectly visible on a neighbouring eminence; and beyond is another camp, which from it's circular form I conjecture to have been of Saxon origin.

In the bottom, between these two hills, is *Handford* house a large old building somewhat in the Monastic stile; which is the residence of Mr. *Seymour*, but I could not procure any further information respecting it. On the right is the church of *Child-Ockford* embosomed among trees, with fine Downs about it, studded with little green tufts of furze and heath.

Descending into a valley we came to *Shillingstone*, a small Village abounding with orchards: and soon after we had passed it, the road again divides, the left branch going to *Ockford*, the right to *Shaftsbury*, and the central one, which is very close, stony, and uneven, leading to *Stourminster*. Here we crossed several streams of water, which run in various directions, and in wet seasons the

floods are said to be extremely dangerous, of which passengers have notice by an index post, near a place called *Biddleford*. From an opening to the right, you have a fine view of the river *Stour*, meandering through rich meadows; and the town of *Stourminster* on an eminence beyond it.

A circumstance which makes a very pleasing addition to most of the prospects which I have seen, in this part of the kingdom, is, the general appearance of the Churches; which are almost all in the gothic style, built with well cut brown stone, and ornamented with pinnacles. Before we arrived at *Stourminster*, we caught a view of a handsome house, situate on an eminence, at a considerable distance northward. The road into *Stourminster-Newton* winds to the right, where there is a very fine old bridge over the *Stour*, which flows from north to south, in an irregular course and with a gentle current, from it's origin at *Stourhead* in *Wiltshire*. This Bridge is said to have connected the town with *Newton* Castle, of which there are now no vestiges to be traced.

Stourminster-Newton is a small town, remarkably ill built, but excessively full of inhabitants, who are employed in the manufactory of serges and woollen cloth. The Church appears to be large and ancient, but I had not time to visit it. Leaving this place, we proceeded over a large pasture ground, through a finely variegated and rich country, abounding with corn fields, from which the eye agreeably wandered to the distant hills, whose summits are crowned with wood.

A pretty neat Village Church, peeping through a group of large elms on the left, next offered itself to our observation; and, farther on, an Obelisk upon the right.

The road then turns off for *Stalbridge*, and another branch of it goes to *Stock* House: and, after passing a large wood, we came to a white house belonging to Major *Burland*, the entrance to which is by an avenue leading from the side of the road, and near it is a little picturesque Church, surrounded by a shrubbery.

We afterwards passed a small village, and had an extensive prospect towards the south-west. About half a mile from *Sherborne*, you descend a hill which has been cut through, to facilitate the passage of carriages: the cliff is nearly thirty feet perpendicular, on each side.

CHAP. XII.

Sherborne-Castle—Gallant defence—Town of Sherborne—Church—Monuments—Inscriptions.

SHERBORNE Castle, the seat of the Earl of *Digby*, stands in a well wooded Park, by the side of a fine piece of water. This noble mansion was built and inhabited by Sir *Walter Raleigh*. It was garrisoned for the King, in the civil wars, and hotly besieged by *Fairfax;* who pushed the attack with so much vigour and perseverance, that it is related of his soldiers, that while their cannon played hard upon the castle, they fetched off their bullets from under the very walls, and received 6*s*. for every shot. Sir *Lewis Dives* had his own regiment, and 150 old soldiers besides, in the castle; who were at length willing to capitulate: but their terms not being acceded to, they sustained a further attack, till the enemy entered by storm.

The highest part of the grounds commands a good view of *Sherborne*, which has a very ancient appearance, in consequence of being built with rough brown stone. *Sherborne* derives it's appellation from the river which flows through it; the Saxon name for which was Scipe-bupn; that is, a clear stream: and hence it has been denominated, by monkish historians, *Fons clarus* or *limpidus*.

The town stands upon very unequal ground, the streets are narrow and crooked, and, however distinguished it may have once been, there are now no vestiges of it's former importance, excepting the Church, which is a large handsome pile of building. Even this, however, when you come to examine it, falls infinitely short of what it's external appearance seems to promise. There is a Chapel on the north east side of the chancel, and stalls like a Cathedral: but of what antiquity they are, I could not exactly ascertain.

It is certain that there was a monastery here, at a very early period, afterwards converted by

King *Ina* into a Bishop's See, from whence sprung the Dioceses of *Wells* and *Exeter*. On the removal of the see, this edifice, which was anciently the Cathedral, became then the Conventual; and, at the dissolution of monasteries in *Henry* the eighth's time, the Parochial Church.

Bishop *Godwin*, in his "Commentaries," has the following passage:—"*Donec anno 705 Sherbornense Monasterium, in Ecclesiam Cathedralem commutatum est, et inter alias hæ quoque regiones Dioecesi ejus inclusæ. Post annos deinde ducentos, anno nimium 905, PLEGMENDUS Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus (ad Regis mandatum) sedes Cathedrales tres novas erexit—Welliæ in Comitatu Somersetensi unam, in Cornubia, aliam, ac tertiam, denique, in Devonia.*"

There is a large monument in memory of two Brothers, whose names according to the information of our Guide were *John* and *Edward Harcy*; perhaps it might be *D'Arcy*, but as there is no inscription legible, this is only a conjecture, they have however the dates of 1546 and 1564.

The Architecture of the church is of the improved gothic; and it's length upwards of two hundred feet:—near the east end is a stone placed in remembrance of a great Hail-Storm which happened in May 1709, and caused so violent an inundation, that the doors of the church were forced open and a great deal of the pavement torn up. The Saxon Kings *Ethelwald* (or as Sir *Richard Baker* calls him *Ethelbald*) and *Ethelbert* his son are said to have been buried here, but their monuments are not now to be traced: nor is it known in what part of the building their remains were deposited. One of the Earls of *Bristol* was interred here under a sumptuous monument.

There is an whole length figure of that nobleman with his coronet in his hand; a vein in the marble of the left leg near the knee, representing a mortification which occasioned his death.

The following verses by Mr. *Pope* are inscribed on the monument of *Robert* the second son, and *Mary* the eldest daughter of *William* Lord *Digby*, who both died young.

"Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest Reason and pacific Truth;
Go! just of worth, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear.
Of gentlest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of Peace and Friend of human kind;
Compos'd in sufferings and in joys sedate,
Good without noise, without pretensions great.
Go live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go! and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou too close attendant on his doom,
Blest maid! hast follow'd to the silent tomb.
Steer'd the same course, to the same quiet shore;
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites a stone and verse receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give."

Mr. *Pope* has not been always happy in the composition of his Epitaphs, and this, perhaps, has no particular claim to our approbation; yet I confess I think the last lines have some merit, and not the less for the sentiment being borrowed from *Ovid*.

Here is a monument with two figures in the dress of about the reign of *Elizabeth*, but no inscription. The Arms are, *in a field sable, three*

battle-axes argent:—And in another part of the church is a very old tomb of a Bishop who has a crosier in his hand: but the name is unknown. The two families of *Fitz-James* and *Fitz-Payne* are interred here, but no particular account of the former has been preserved. The latter was possessed of the Lordship of *Ockford* in this County. The church was rebuilt in the time of *Henry* the sixth, but the porch on the south side not having suffered by fire, like the rest of the old building (which was burnt by some factious townsmen) still exhibits a portion of the Saxon architecture, in a strong circular arch with zig-zag ornaments. There is a remarkably large bell here, said to weigh sixty thousand pounds, which was brought from *Tournay*, and presented by Cardinal *Wolsey*; with this inscription.

"By *Wolsey's* gift, I measure time for all,
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call."

Part of the cloister and great hall of the Abbey is still remaining in a ruinous state near the church: and the more entire part of that building is now used as a malthouse.

CHAP. XIII.

Babylon Hill—Newton Sermonville—Yeovil—West-Coker — Haslebury—Crewkern—Hinton St. George—Prospects—Chard.

ON the west of *Sherborne* is a fine valley, rich in pasturage and corn fields, interspersed with apple trees; and near the road to *Yeovil* I observed a fine avenue which leads towards a large mansion house. Here we suddenly arrived at a most beautiful and romantic spot called *Babylon* hill.

> " Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams."
>
> THOMPSON.

The road winds down a very steep declivity, which, but for the serpentine course of the path, would be extremely difficult and dangerous. The

Cliffs on each side are near thirty feet in perpendicular height, and the different colours of the strata which have been cut through, are finely contrasted by the varied hues of the shrubs and bushes which grow in romantic luxuriance out of the rocks.

A little further to the left of the road, is an old mansion sheltered by a hanging wood, now called *Newton* hall, but formerly *Newton Sermonville*, the residence of Mr. *Harbin.* The manor was anciently held by the family of *Sermonville* (which was of Norman extraction) by a very remarkable tenure, viz. of paying yearly into the Exchequer, a new table-cloth, ten ells long, and a towel five ells long.

Yeovil is in *Somersetshire*, and a bridge of three arches, at the entrance of the town, separates that county from *Dorsetshire*. The Church is a fine gothic structure in the form of a cross, and seems from the number and proportion of the windows, to have been very magnificent in ancient times.

On leaving *Yeovil* we passed a spacious house with a pleasant garden on a hill, where the road turns off for *Beaminster*, *Dorchester*, and *Weymouth*. We were conducted through close sandy lanes to the little village of *West-Coker*, and passed along an extensive valley, bounded on the west by high hills. The country is here full of manufactories and we saw great quantities of thread bleaching in the meadows and orchards, by the side of every rivulet.

The valleys on this road are very romantic; the various colours of the different vegetable productions, and the intermixture of woods and corn fields, being highly gratifying and delightful. About two miles from *Crewkern* is the village of *Haslebury*, the houses of which are neatly built with white stone.

Crewkern is undoubtedly a place of very great antiquity; it's name is derived from the two Saxon words signifying a cross and a cottage. There is, however, nothing worth particular attention in the town, which is very meanly built,

It stands in a valley among rich fields, well wooded and watered. The Church is a gothic building in the form of a cross, and a great deal of painted glass remains in the windows.

From *Crewkern* we made an excursion to Earl *Paulett's*, at *Hinton St. George*, about four miles distant.

The grounds are very finely wooded, and present some beautiful prospects; that on the north, bounded by the *Mendip* hills, below which is *Glastonbury* Torr, an eminence rising like a sugar-loaf, with a building on the top, the remaining part of an Oratory belonging to the celebrated Abbey of *Glastonbury*, where King *Arthur* and many other distinguished persons were buried.

From the same side is also seen, a lofty column of white stone, arising out of the woods at *Burton-Pynsent*, the seat of the late Earl of *Chatham*, who erected this monument in memory of his ancestor Sir *William Pynsent*. The Park has many beau-

tiful Plantations of elm, fir, and sycamore trees, (which last grow to an astonishing height and size:) it's extent is almost eight miles in circumference.

Not far from the house, in the centre of a large grove of beech trees, is a tuscan pillar twenty feet high, with a statue of *Diana*, now somewhat muti-lated. From this spot there is a fine view of the house, which is a plain building with battlements: but it is at this time undergoing a complete repair; and, when finished, will have two extensive wings. The stable yard contains, beside the usual offices, a handsome riding house, built with white stone.

About half a mile from the house is a most beautiful avenue of lime trees, which passes through a valley; and, crossing the road leading to *Ilminster*, ascends a lofty hill, and terminates in the screen of trees seen from the road to *Yeovil*.

On the top of a very high hill, south west of the Park, is the keeper's lodge; which commands a striking prospect of vast extent, reaching as

far as the *Bristol* Channel, and including a great variety of hills, valleys, and woods, closed by the welch mountains. Among the different objects here presented, is the spire of *Bridgwater* Church, to which you look over the whole county of *Somerset;* and beyond it, to the north of *Bridgwater* bay, a small island called the steep *Holmes* is very plainly distinguishable. It is said indeed, that you can even see beyond this, namely, to another island called the flat *Holmes:* but I rather think it is a mistake; for I could not at all distinguish it, and the last mentioned place lying directly beyond the steep *Holmes*, and, being so much lower, is most probably hid from our sight by it. Lord *Paulett* has it in contemplation (we were told) to erect a sort of triumphal arch on this distinguished eminence, which would be a fine object in perspective, from the house.

There are few situations better calculated than *Hinton* to admit of the highest improvement from the hand of taste and munificence, and much is to be expected from the exertions of the present noble

possessor. There are two copious springs of chaly-beate water in the grounds, strongly impregnated.

Leaving the Park, which is terminated on the south west side by some rich meadows, we ascended a steep hill cut through a chalky rock, and having it's sides crowned with silver fir trees of prodigious size. This brought us into the road from *Chard* to *Taunton*, a branch of which turns off for *Ilminster*, about four miles distant.

I was so much delighted with the beautiful prospect before mentioned, that when we were going from *Crewkern* to *Axminster*, I deviated from the road, in order to obtain another view from the hill, which I then approached through a fine avenue, having on my right, a steep slope covered with trees, and terminating in the rich pastures adjoining Earl *Paulett's* Park.

Not far from *Crewkern* there is a pleasing prospect of *Hinton St. George*, the house flanked with noble woods and luxuriant plantations, out of

which the gothic tower and pinnacles of the parish church seem to arise. The Park and neighbouring hills, spotted in rural elegance with tufts of trees, appear to infinite advantage. On the right, the prospect extends to the *Mendip* hills, and includes a great deal of fine scenery, varied by inclosures and adorned with all the different modes of cultivation you can imagine.

At the summit of the next hill you pass the end of the great avenue of lime trees in *Hinton* Park; and have, for some time, a most beautiful view of the country before described, and a great extent of pasturage, covered with the gayest verdure. On the left, the hills are more wild and abrupt; and in one place you have a small opening to the sea and the white cliffs upon the coast.

There is an extensive plantation on the left of the road; and below it, in a deep hollow, a modern built house, the seat of Lord *Bridport*.

Soon afterwards we had a view of *Chard*, at some distance on the right. It is a pretty large

town; the inhabitants are principally employed in weaving, and the different modes of preparing wool, and dying it for the purpose of making broad cloth, which, as well as kerseymere, is manufactured here in great quantities. There are some very ingenious machines in the town, which being worked by water, a few hands are enabled to keep six mills in constant use.

The Market, which is on *Monday*, is well supplied with good wheat and abundance of vegetables, and, in short, provisions of all kinds. The quantity of potatoes alone, brought for sale on a market day, amounts frequently to thirty loads, and is seldom less than twenty.

It has been remarked, that *Chard* stands upon the highest ground in this part of the country; there being a stream of water near it, whose current may be turned either into the *Severn* or the English Channel. It is a place of great antiquity, having been a town of some importance even in the time of the Saxons, from one of whose Chiefs, *Cerdic*,

it is said to have derived it's name.—At the town of *Chard*, in the Rebellion, the Royalists, after having proclaimed the King, were defeated by the Parliamentary forces; and some of them, afterwards, suffered for their loyalty at *Exeter*.

It was also the rendezvous of the Marquis of *Hertford's* and Lord *Hoptoun's* forces, when they formed a junction in order to oppose the army under Sir *William Waller*, who was sent by the Parliament into the west.

Pursuing the road to *Axminster* through a narrow lane, we met with vast quantities of that celebrated diuretic fox-glove, the *Digitalis purpureus* of *Linnæus*; and remarked, that this plant appears to grow to a much larger size in *Devonshire*, than in any other part of *England* which we had seen.

A close road brought us to a Common abounding with plovers; and at the extremity of it we passed a fine clear stream, flowing into a valley on

the left, and emptying itself into the sea at the very point where an opening to the water has been already noticed.

The Church of *Axminster* presents itself to your view, when at the distance of about two miles from the town. You now meet with several branches of the river *Ax*, one of which is so rapid as to turn a mill.

There is a small neat habitation of white stone chequered with flints, upon an eminence on the right, before you enter the town, called *Clocum*.

CHAP. XIV.

Axminster,—the Church,—Carpet Manufactory,—Remarkable Inscription,—Kilverton,—Shute-House,—Honiton,—Escott,—Crooks.

AXMINSTER is a most miserable town. The houses are extremely mean, and many of them covered with thatch. They are in general built with a rugged kind of stone, produced every where in this part of the country.

The Church stands in the middle of the town, and is an irregular building of some antiquity, as appears by the entrance on the south side, which is under a saxon arch, now, in no good condition.

This building has suffered considerably since it's first erection. There is at present one aisle attached to the north side, with a parapet highly ornamented: but the saxon arch above-mentioned

opens immediately into the body of the Church; there being no aisle on that side.

There is a gravel walk with some rows of elms around the church-yard, which would have a pleasing effect if it were not cooped up in an inclosure of the most shabby houses I ever saw.

All the streets are narrow, crooked, and in the highest degree inconvenient and disgusting: there is, indeed, a most excellent Inn, at which, with the best provisions the country affords, the traveller may console himself, for the scarcity of objects without doors, deserving his curiosity or attention.

Here, we had a good dinner and a handsome desert, and first tasted that luxury of the west called clotted cream, which is always served up with their tarts. This delicacy is made by scalding the whole of the milk as it is drawn from the cow, and then exposing it to the air for several hours. I must not omit to mention the carpet manufactory, which is

certainly well worth seeing; and this branch is brought to so great perfection, that the carpets made here, are equally durable and elegant as the *Turkey* carpets imported.

We saw several, under the hands of the different Labourers, the colours of which were wonderfully clear and beautiful: the price varies from thirteen shillings to twenty-five and upwards, per yard. The persons employed are Women and Children, and it is really astonishing to see with how much facility the latter are brought to the knowledge of this kind of work, by which so many are enabled to earn their bread, who would not otherwise be capable of contributing in any degree, towards their own maintenance and support.

In one of the rooms at the Inn above mentioned, is hung up, a copy of an Epitaph on Mr. *Walter*, formerly a representative in Parliament for *Devonshire*, which though not remarkable for it's elegance of composition, conveys so handsome a compliment to the memory of a worthy and dis-

tinguished character that I felt a strong impulse to transcribe it.

" Unspotted by any imputation of deviating from the strictest independency in Parliament, nor blindly attached to any set of men, he, with these principles of inflexible justice, which first recommended him to the honor of a seat for this County, persevered in support of, or opposition to measures, as they appeared conducive or destructive to the trust in him reposed.

" The loss of the private Gentleman is universally felt, as his virtues were universally expanded. To the indigent around his mansions, he extended his beneficence; to the industrious labourer he contributed daily support. Public charities testified his liberal assistance; and the channel of friends conveyed (unconfined by party) alleviation to private distress. Christianity excited his incessant attention: conspicuous by private example in his own family; and by many enlarged subscriptions to dilate it's influence. Without ostentation but with a conscious pleasure in his duty, he hath gained to himself, through the one Mediator, an immortal reward. So valuable a character being now no more, we have this consolatory prospect, that his virtues with his fortune, will descend in a like copious stream."

" READER!
To whom Virtue! To whom Piety!
To whom your Country is pleasant,
Stop!

much to be lamented by thee,
fell,
JOHN ROLLE WALTER, ESQ.
of noble lineage
nobler by Virtue!
A Man!
A Friend!
fairer than whom the Earth did ne'er produce!
A Brother most brotherly to all!
In the British Parliament,
perhaps not splendid
nor greedy of fame,
but just, firm, and resolute,
amongst base and corrupted Ministers.
Of the Province of *Devonshire*
he best deserved.
He was a Man much to be praised
and
much to be lamented.
He died the 27th of *November* 1779.

The road from *Axminster* to *Honiton*, after passing through the small Village of *Kilverton* crosses a heath from whence there is a view of *Axminster*. A little further on, an irregular hill half a Mile to the right of the road, affords a most picturesque and entertaining prospect; the declivity being covered with small verdant fields full of

cattle, interspersed with coppices, and here and there, a rural farm house.

This hill appears part of the boundary of a remarkably fine valley of great extent, where the wandering eye is soon lost in the shades of the woods, and the approximation of those most distant, to the horizon itself. As you descend into the valley there is an entrance, on the left, to *Shute House*, the seat of Sir *John De-la-Pole*. Bart. The horned cattle here, are extremely beautiful, but of a small size; their colour is most commonly a dusky red, or brindled, and the horn short and blackish.

Before you reach *Honiton*, the road takes a serpentine course, and gives an enchanting view of that town and the hills which shelter it; and on the right is an ancient encampment, upon an eminence which commands the road from *Chard*.

There is a large white house just beyond *Honiton*, and the prospect is not a little improved by the

neatness of the turnpike-house, which is a building in the form of a roman D; having it's walls stuccoed and surmounted with battlements.

Honiton is a handsome town, with a noble high-street very broad and well paved; but it is at present much disfigured by an old decayed Market-House, standing in the middle of the street.

The reason for this nuisance being permitted to remain, is, that an old gentleman enjoys a life-hold estate in it: but it is said, that the Lord of the Manor, Viscount *Courtenay*, has obtained an Act of Parliament, enabling him to remove it on the death of this person; which will make so great an improvement in the street, that it may then vie in breadth and elegance with almost any one, out of the Metropolis.

Honiton being in the direct road from *London* to *Exeter*, and only one stage from the latter, has an amazing thoroughfare for carriages and passengers, by whom it is constantly enlivened.

A roman military way formerly ran through *Axminster* and *Honiton* to *Exeter:* it came from *Cirencester* in *Glocestershire*, out of the *Akeman-street* way, and united at *Bath-Easton* with a smaller road called *Via Badonica;* but the place where it falls in with the turnpike, between *Crewkern* and *Axminster*, is not now easy to be discovered.

About four miles from *Honiton*, we passed three small bridges, over as many rapid streams. The country people call this place *Minnyberges*, a corruption of *Fenny* bridges. The hamlet is in the parish of *Ottery*. Two miles beyond it, stands *Escott*, a large old house, with fine trees about it, at some distance from the road. It was formerly the residence of Sir *George Yonge*, K. B. many years one of the representatives for *Honiton;* but now the property of Sir *John Kennaway*.

The cross roads in this part of *Devonshire* being close, and inconvenient for the passage of wheel carriages of all kinds, the produce of the land, as well as merchandize, is chiefly carried by

horses upon a sort of frame called a Crook; which is made of wood, bent in a peculiar manner, so as to be capable of having packages tied upon it.

These horses are not secured with traces, but run loose in troops, consisting of five or ten, having either one or two men mounted upon other horses, to drive them. When they are in small numbers, the driver is commonly seated on the top of the load, and trots, or sometimes, even gallops along, with the greatest unconcern, up hill and down, and over the roughest ground; perfectly regardless of every thing he meets with, and without the least apparent apprehension on his own account, notwithstanding he is elevated so high, as to be in eminent danger of suffering considerable injury, if the animal should make one false step.

Loads of straw, hay, wood, and furze, are all conveyed in the same manner, and the horses which carry them are no small annoyance to any unfortunate passenger whose steed may happen to be restiff, or who may, by chance, approach too near

the crooks, which in these narrow roads it is very difficult to keep clear of, with the utmost circumspection.

I observed in the vicinity of *Exeter*, that the loose garvelly soil assumed a redder colour, and before we came into that City, the road, which is cut through high banks of sand, is covered with loose stones like the rust of iron.

We passed through the village of *Heavytree*, not far from which is a piece of ground enclosed with a high stone wall, designed as a place of interment for the bodies of persons executed at the gallows near it. There is an inscription cut in a stone over the door; but the letters are so overgrown with moss as to be illegible.

CHAP. XV.

Exeter—Castle—Cathedral—Library.

WE entered the City of *Exeter* through an ill built street, somewhat upon an ascent: the town is so large that I could not discover any eminence in it's vicinity likely to afford a good view of it.

The principal streets are narrow and very badly paved. The smaller streets and lanes are narrow to a degree of danger, as well as inconvenience;—the houses are high and generally projecting into the street, and many of them are built of wood and plaister, and appear of as great antiquity, at least, as the time of *Elizabeth*.

There are some excellent Inns here, but the boast which I have frequently heard made, by the Inhabitants of these parts—of the universal cheap-

ness of all articles of provision—was not altogether corroborated by the experience which we (who were strangers) had, of the Innkeepers' charges.

The Assizes for the county of *Devon* are held in *Rougemont* Castle, which stands near the centre of the city, upon an artificial eminence. The courts, which have been lately built, are large and commodious; and there is, on the left of the gateway, a guard-room for the use of the military stationed here.

Considerable portions of the old wall of the Castle still remain. The time of it's foundation is not exactly known; but it is probable that it was the work of King *Athelstan*, who walled in the town.

Behind the Castle, is a beautiful and spacious walk planted with fine elms, and called the *Northernly*, (I suppose from it's situation with respect to the town,) to which the inhabitants resort in the evening as a Mall for walking: and it is certainly

a great convenience and advantage to so populous a city, that there should be, as it were, immediately at home, a place so well calculated for exercise.— The lower part of the town, through which the river *Ex* takes it's course, and where the cloth manufactories are chiefly carried on, is worse built and worse paved (if possible) than the other streets.

The Cathedral Church is situated very disadvantageously, on a piece of low ground, which is so closely planted with trees, and divided by railing, that there is neither a view of the building, nor any commodious approach to it.

The west window is ornamented with beautiful painted glass; and in seven large compartments in the centre, are the portraits of the four Evangelists, and of St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, and St. *Andrew*: the rest of the window is filled with the arms of the Nobility of the County, and the corners with the Regalia.

The west body of the church is fitted up with pews and seats; Divine Service being performed

in it every *Sunday*. Over the entrance to the Choir are thirteen historical paintings on wood, well preserved, representing some of the most striking events recorded in sacred story.—The Creation,—the Deluge,—Passage of the Israelites, &c. all arranged in the proper chronological order in which they happened, and terminating with the last judgment.

Above, is the Organ, the pipes of which are uncommonly large. The Bishop's Throne is a fine piece of gothic carving, with a covering or canopy of spire work, carried up to the roof of the church. Behind the altar is a stone screen, painted with the figures of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

Many of the Bishops of *Exeter* have been interred here. On the south side of the entrance to the Choir is a small monument, with this inscription,—"**Leofricus, the first Byshoppe of Exceter, lyeth here.**" There are two shields, containing his family arms and those of the see. Not far from this is another tomb, under which

Osbertus, the immediate successor of *Leofric*, was buried.

King *Athelstan* founded the Church, about the year 868; but the present edifice is said to be of later date, anno 1040.

Bishop *Marshall* is buried here, with the date 1200. Bishop *Oldham* lies also in an oratory very highly ornamented with carving. This Prelate was, I presume, a benefactor to the Church; his arms appear in several places in it, as also over a gateway, in the church yard, which leads to the Bishop's Palace.

At the north end of the transept is an oratory, with several small statues in niches, all of them defaced and mutilated; and no inscription remains. Among other Prelates are *Carew*, *Slater*, *Bradbridge*, with the date 1578; and *Walton*, with that of 1593. Another tomb is inscribed,—"**Master Antony Hardy, Esquire**, 1564."

Several of the Knights Templars have been buried here; the names of *Chichester*, *Bohun*, and

Stapleton are preserved. The first has a Lion *couchant* at the feet, which must have been his crest. Here also lie the remains of Sir *Peter Carew;* who, as tradition says, had seventeen wives: there are certainly seventeen coats of arms affixed to his tomb.—The Font is of white marble, and the cover ornamented with figures of nine of the apostles, curiously inlaid.

Bishop *Lavington* lies in the south aisle, with a very complimentary inscription upon his monument; and not far from it, is a marble bust of Dr. *Cotton*, Canon and Treasurer of this Church, and grand-son of a Bishop of the same name. There is a remarkable indentation of the forehead of this figure, to a very considerable depth; and if it exactly resembled the life, this is a curious instance of the powers of nature, in accommodating the brain to a cavity of a peculiar and unusual form, without deranging it's functions.

I remember having seen, in Mr. *Cline's* anatomical collection at St. *Thomas's* Hospital, the

skull of an Indian, with a depression of the frontal bone, three or four inches long, just above the eye-brows. This was not a natural variety, but gradually occasioned by resting the edge of baskets of earth or other heavy substances upon the part: a custom which that particular tribe of Indians is habituated to, very early in life; almost from the state of infancy, and before the bones have attained a firmness of texture, capable of resisting the effect of such pressure: and I was credibly informed that, so far from having occasioned any derangement of intellect or imbecility of understanding, the above mentioned individual was known to be endowed with faculties superior to the generality of his countrymen. Whence it appears, that the judgment which some have pretended to make of the abilities, dispositions, and capacities of men, taken from the size and form of the head, is extremely liable to error: Nature, under the rudest or apparently most imperfect conformation of parts, having sometimes concealed the completest models of human excellence.

On the south side of the altar are three stone seats, ornamented with gothic carving and spire work; designed as thrones for King *Edward*, Queen *Editha*, and *Leofric* the first Bishop of *Exeter*, at the time of his installation. The form of words used on that solemn occasion is still preserved.

" *I, King* Edward, *taking* Leofricke *by the right haunde, and* Edythe *my Queen by the lefte, doe installe hym the fyrste and most famous Byschoppe of* Exon, *wythe a greate desyere of aboundance of blessynges to all such as shall furder and encrease the same; but wythe a fearful and excecrable curse on all such as shall diminish or take away any thynge from it.*"

Bishop *Chichester*, who was installed in 1128, is supposed to have finished the Choir; the foundation of which was laid about sixteen years before, by *Warlewest*.

The Clock is on the same construction as that at *Wimborne* already described, and there is a bell of very large size in one of the towers.

At the east end, behind the Choir, is a Library containing a great number of scarce, and some valuable books. An handsome addition was made to this collection by the last Bishop, *(Ross)* whose books are in a case by themselves, at the upper end of the room. This Library is much visited by the curious; and the Clergy belonging to the Church are so liberal as to indulge any gentlemen who request it, with the permission of resorting hither for the purpose of reading as often as they choose.—*Exeter* was called by the Britons *Pen Caer*, and by the Romans *Isca Danmoniorum*.

Exeter, at the Conquest, according to "*Doomsday Book*," contained 315 houses; at the same time *Southampton* consisted only of 84, but *Winchester* was even then a considerable city.

A Synod was held at *Exeter* in 1287, by *Peter*, then Bishop of this Diocese; the principal act of which was, to enjoin that the people should be instructed in the doctrine of transubstantiation: from whence it has been inferred, that at this period, in

the Church of *Exeter*, the Laity partook of the Sacrament in both kinds.

In more modern times, this city has been little noticed; it was, however, blockaded by *Fairfax* in the Rebellion: and, from it's size, the nature of it's situation, on the banks of a fine river, and in the centre of a rich and flourishing maritime county, it must always hold a distinguished rank in the history of *Britain*.

CHAP. XVI.

Road to Oakhampton—Cheriton-Cross—South-Zeal Sticcle-Path.

LEAVING *Exeter*, on our journey to *Oakhampton*, we ascended a very steep hill, which presents a fine view of the northern suburb of the town; and, among a great number of comfortable villas in the neighbourhood, two seats of considerable size and elegance.

In this part of the country, you have no sooner descended one hill, than you have another to climb up; and the roads are so full of loose flints, that it is extremely unpleasant to travel in a carriage, and dangerous to ride on horseback.

We passed along a narrow way, cut through a stratum of slate, which forms a cliff, on one side, twelve or fifteen feet high, while on the other were

numerous well planted orchards in full bearing; and came into a fine valley beautifully variegated with the richest products of vegetation,—thousands of honey-suckles, on all sides, being interspersed with the ever-flowering furze and broom, mingling and diffusing their different odours.

The dialect of the country people here, is very corrupt; and, in some places, their pronunciation differs so much from all the world besides, and they seem to have an idiom so peculiarly their own, that strangers find it almost impossible to understand them.

Cheriton-Cross stands in a small village of that name; and is about three feet high, placed on a block of stone. On what account it was erected, or how long it has been here, the inhabitants can give no information: but, as superstition is always the companion of ignorance, the people believe a tradition—that several attempts have been made, in former times, to remove this monument of antiquity, without success; some invisible power

having always immediately restored it, to it's old situation.

Justly as we deplore the prevalence of that gross and almost inexterminable stupidity, which possesses the narrow-minded boor, and the untutored rustic—Antiquity, it must be confessed, is greatly indebted to it, in many instances, for the preservation of it's tottering ruins, and even it's finest and most valuable relics. How often have the noble remains of gothic splendor been preserved from ruffian hands by a legendary tale; and how frequently secured from the destructive curiosity of the exploring traveller, and that whimsical love of novelty, and rage for modernization, which the builders of the present age so fondly affect!

"All the fine arts of past times, and all the magnificent works we now so justly admire, are owing to a species of piety which every lover of the elegance of Architecture must rejoice to have existed."

We stopped at a mean Inn, or rather Public-house, by the side of the road, called *Crockernwell*; and, a little beyond it, entered upon *Ax-moor*, a piece of waste land extending to a great distance northward.

The soil of that part which we passed over, is chiefly composed of clay and slate; and the surface of the ground, even where it is clothed with herbage, seems tinged with the colour of those substances, and exhibits a very dark and gloomy appearance.

There is an extensive opening to the right, stretching round to the north east, and presenting a view of large inclosures of arable and pasture; beyond which, blue hills form the horizon, with aspiring heads inveloped in the clouds.

The country on the opposite side assumes a wilder appearance; the trees, which set off the prospect so much, before, are now exchanged for small tufts of green shrubs or brush wood.

South-Zeal is a little miserable village, with houses built of rough brown stone, and not a tree near it. The ground is of the darkest hue, covered with loose stones and pieces of slate.

A Manufactory of serges is carried on here, and employs a great number of hands; indeed, notwithstanding the apparent wretchedness of the place, I never observed so great a degree of population. Almost every house, or rather hut, was crowded with Children—one Woman was standing at her door with eleven little ones ranged by her side, all without shoes or stockings, and exhibiting the plainest indications of extreme poverty.

There are several springs near the village, which are conducted into little cisterns or reservoirs in different parts of the street, for the use of the manufacturers.

Here is a small ill built chapel, and near it a stone cross—but the only intelligence to be obtained about it from the Inhabitants was, that, "it had been there *ever since they were born.*"

We next passed a village called *Stickle-Path*, where is an old stone bridge over a mill stream, which forms two small cascades in sight of the road. The hills which shelter this place are very abrupt, full of sharp rocks and precipices; and the appearance of the country in general, is striking and unusual.

The grass is of a fine bright green, the roads and beaten tracks of a slate blue—and the rocks and stones variegated by the different colours of the moss, which long exposure to the atmosphere has covered them with. Innumerable tufts of vegetable productions spring out of the crevices and chinks of these rocks; among them, that pretty little flower, called *Herbaceous Heath* (*Erica vagans vel herbacea*) a plant of the *Octandria Monogynia* class of *Linnæus* is found here (almost exclusively) in great profusion.

The fences of the fields immediately contiguous, are made of large stones loosly piled up together: but this wild and romantic scenery is beautifully

contrasted with a fine expanse of well cultivated country on the right.

> " Here in full light the russet plains extend;
> There wrap't in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
> Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
> And midst the desert, fruitful fields arise.
>
> POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

The hills, however, still wear a rugged appearance, and their lofty summits are crowned with huge heaps of rocks, resembling immense turrets, —and indeed, conforming themselves to all the fanciful devices of a sportive imagination.

CHAP. XVII.

Oakhampton—Beautiful Ruin—Reflections.

SUCH is the country in approaching the Borough of *Oakhampton*, which is situated in a valley, and almost insulated by the windings of the river *Erme*. You descend into the town through a steep street, and over a narrow bridge.

The houses are remarkably ill built, and the only tollerable street in the town is disfigured by an old decayed market house, tottering upon it's foundations, which entirely blocks it up. Not far from this, a large white stone is placed in the ground, denoting the middle of the borough; and close to it, another, furnished with a large ring and staple, for the purpose of contributing to the amusement of the populace, by assisting at that *humane* diversion a bull-baiting.

The parish church is situated upon an eminence, about a mile from the town, westward; but there is a Chapel of ease, near the market place before mentioned.

Half a mile from the town, on the south side, stand the ruins of *Oakhampton* Castle, upon the banks of the river *Erme*, which flows with great rapidity over a pebbly bottom, and in some places over strata of slate, so as to form small cascades. These ruins command a view of the top of the church, and some of the houses of *Oakhampton*, looking a long the course of the river, which runs between two very steep slopes.

South of the castle is a majestic wood, whose dark and solemn verdure greatly increases the grandeur of this interesting scene.

The murmuring of the river, the venerable remains of

"Ivy mantled towers,"

nodding over the pellucid current, and the mild radiance of the moon just peeping through the

wood, afforded my mind a series of the most pleasing ideas; and hushed into composure and tranquility all the harsher emotions of the soul.

To these sequestered scenes has Genius oft retired from the noise of the busy crowd; here, lulled into contemplation, or exalted into rapture, may the brightest ornaments of Literature and of Poesy have gleaned the sweets which give a polish to their works! To situations like this, are we indebted, for the soft elegance of refined sentiment, the glow of Pathos, and the irresistible charms of Sublimity. Our admiration of the beauties of nature, heightens the influence of historic recollection. While we contemplate the matchless verdure of the fields, the umbrageous dignity of the forest, both meliorâted by the silver rays of the pale luminary of night; and listen to the incessant murmurings of the limpid stream, we bend by a spontaneous impulse, to adore that power in whose behests all nature participates, and to whom the universal world, animate and inanimate, bears testimony by the harmony of it's arrangement.

In these ponderous ruins, the wreck of former ages, we contemplate the revolutions of Empires, the various changes of Society, the progressive improvement of the Arts. By these monuments of antiquity, we are directed to the different æras and important scenes which chequer the page of history; and trace events to their causes, by the evident connexion and relationship between them.

We look back to the dark ages of Paganism, we recognize in our ancestors those

"feros et indomitos *Britannos*,"

whose uncultivated and inhospitable manners were equally averse from social intercourse, and domestic enjoyment; we see them emerging from the thick clouds of barbarism and ignorance, rising into notice, celebrity, and estimation: laying the foundation of civil government in the establishment of mutual dependence; modifying their native ferocity into cool and determined courage—offering their untutored minds to the voice of reason, and yielding up superstition a willing sacrifice to the impulse of truth.

We find them, once, blindly devoted to the hideous rites of idolatrous infatuation, now, by the practice of virtue and morality, aspiring to the favour and protection of a just and impartial deity.

In the advancement of science, we perceive the hand of philosophy leading men forward to the most sublime and exalted studies; and again observe, that the labours and the industry of one generation, has often been baffled and destoyed by it's immediate posterity.—States and Kingdoms have alternately risen to the summit of human glory, and sunk iuto melancholy oblivion. The weapons of war, and the hands which formed them have alike mouldered into dust. The adamantine doors, the almost impenetrable walls—all the contrivances, all the devices of mankind, have been insufficient to perpetuate, the fame of the victorious the grandeur of the proud, or the honors of the mighty: and shall not these reflections fill our minds with seriousness and reverence—shall we not then submissively bow in humble adoration of that divine governor, who made and regulates all

things around us—to whose wisdom and goodness all the vicissitudes of life, and all the changes incident to our race must be referred, and who overlooks, with the most paternal care, every part of "this stupendous system."

How little is man—vain are his pursuits! futile his exertions! The towering sentiments of ambition, the secret machinations of deeply concerted schemes, are in one moment lowered with the ground, frustrated and destroyed: the works of the cunning Artificer scarcely survive him—and all the mighty arrangements of the Statesman die with himself. "*For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts perish.*"

"Where are now the great Empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me, where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! *Rome* itself! eternal *Rome*! the great city! the empress of the world! whose domination and

superstition makes a great part of the history of the earth; what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous—but *her hour is come*, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried *in everlasting oblivion.*"

To proceed—unassisted by historical record, or oral tradition, (the former of which I may have neglected to investigate, and the latter have had no opportunity of obtaining) I cannot conjecture that *Oakhampton* castle by whomsoever erected, was built for any other purpose, then that of a quiet residence. It might be designed, perhaps, as a security for the inhabitants of the town, when distressed by a siege; and not at all intended for, nor capable of affording them, any further assistance. There is a vallum surrounding the castle, and a small stream which runs along the bottom, is frequently interrupted in it's course by the fragments of the walls that have fallen into it.

Some of the walls are now standing, with several entire gothic arches: and on the west side,

are the gable-ends and low side walls of a large room. The Keep is on the south, and overlooks the neighbouring woods, as well as the meanders of the river, for a considerable distance. The form of the castle seems to have been an oblong square,—the keep being it's termination towards the south. The remains of this part of the building may be about thirty feet high.

There is an entrance, from the north side, into an apartment, near forty feet square, and within that, is another room of somewhat larger dimensions. The cavities in which the joists were inserted still remain: but, neither, the roof nor floor of either of the rooms, have the smallest vestige to be traced.

The inner apartment is entire, excepting some chasms below the windows; but a large breach has been made in the outer room, on the east side—and some of the fragments of that wall are still lying at the foot of the mount, on which the Keep stands.

On the north side of the Keep is a fissure from the top of the wall to the bottom, three or four feet wide; but it appears (at least in it's upper part) rather the effect of time, than of accident or hostility.

At the entrance of the Keep, was a circular stone stair-case, leading to the upper rooms; but the steps are now gone. In digging the ditch on the south of the ruin, a stratum of slate has been cut through, which forms a strong barrier on that side.

There is a sally-port on the east side, rather nearer the Keep than the middle of the works—the remains of a small chapel stand just below it, and further on, is a large apartment with several windows.

The wood, before noticed, is a part of *Oakhampton* Park, the property of the *Courtenays*; to whom this edifice descended from *Baldwyne*, Viscount of *Devonshire*, and Baron of *Oakhampton*, in the time of *William* the Conqueror.

The prospect of the Keep—the Wood—and the Ruin, is singularly beautiful, when viewed from the end of the town.

The markets at *Oakhampton* are supplied with all kinds of poultry, in great abundance, at the cheapest rates. There is a manufactory for serges—some little iron is also worked here; but a much greater trade is carried on, in the making of leather shoes.

CHAP. XVIII.

Dart-Moor—Lydford Castle—Cascade—Rocks—Marble.

LEAVING *Oakhampton* we ascended a very steep hill, and entered upon a dull unpleasant country; in which the state of cultivation seemed, on all sides, greatly inferior to that where we had lately travelled. Soon afterwards, *Dart-Moor*, or *Dart-Moor* Forest, presents itself, in all the horrors of dreary sterility: the hills on the left, have a rugged aspect, being sprinkled over with stones, which are, in some places, prodigiously large.

Between three and four miles from *Oakhampton* is a high stone cross, very entire; and the road near it, branches off to the right, and affords an extensive prospect to the west and south west, bounded by the mountains of *Cornwall*.

We passed through a miserable village; the name of which, from the dialect of the inhabitants, I could not understand: and saw, at some distance, a large house belonging to Mr. *Luxmore*, Member of Parliament for *Oakhampton*. It is most unpleasantly situated, the roads being very stony, and all the neighbouring hills covered with craggy rocks.

Some miles southward is a high mountain, called *Brent Torr*; having a small Chapel on the summit, which serves as a land-mark from St. *George's* Channel.

About seven miles north of *Tavistock*, is the village and castle of *Lydford*. This ruin is, apparently, of great antiquity; and, we were told, well worth seeing: but we had not time to indulge our curiosity, by taking any other than the transient view of it, which the road at so great a distance afforded. We saw it most advantageously from a small bridge, over a rivulet which runs through a picturesque rocky valley to the village of *Lydford*, and forms a beautiful cascade.

The inhabitants of this part of the country seem to be totally ignorant of the history of their castle; and every enquiry which we made upon the spot, only served to bewilder us with uncertainty, or confuse us with error.

"Dico alla fama: O tu, che all'ammirande
Cose dai vita, e questi avanzi, e questi . . . . .
China ella gli occhi conturbati, e mesti
Qual chi dogliosi alti sospir tramande.

Io già volgea maravigliando il passo
Ma sù per l'alta mole altero in mostra
Visto girsen l'oblio di sasso in sasso;

E tu, gridai, forse apristi? ah mostra . . . . . .
Ma in tuono ei m'interruppe orrido e basso
Io di chi fú non curo: adesso è nostra."

"I ask'd of Fame,—'O thou, whose breath supplies
Life to high works of wonder! what remains?'
Abash'd, to earth she bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who, sighing, silently complains.
Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside;
When, o'er each step, I saw Oblivion stride,
With haughty mein, and air of deep design;
'Thou then', I cried, 'may'st know; ah! deign declare.'
Stern she replied;—hoarse thunder rent the air,
'Whose *once it was*, I seek not;—*now* 'tis mine."

Two miles further on, the road opens upon a heath, and on the left presents a glimpse of the sea. We now began to observe that, among the various fragments of stone upon the ground, there was a considerable portion of Marble, and some of it, in very large masses. This is one of the productions of *Devonshire* which deserves particular notice.

Blue Clay, Slate, and Marble are all found abundantly upon the coast of *Devon*, as well as in the more interior parts of the county. The Clay gradually hardens, and becomes Slate. In some of these masses large veins of Marble run in various directions, they slowly acquire a firmer consistence and increase in size until the Slate becomes small in proportion to these veins, which ultimately unite in one solid Mass. This process may be traced by various specimens, which illustrate, in the most unquestionable manner, the truth of the above history; by an intermixture of Marble and Slate, in every degree of relative proportion to each other.

CHAP. XIX.

Tavistock-Abbey—Road to Plymouth—Stoke-Damarell—Dock.

As we approached nearer *Tavistock*, the country appeared rugged and disgusting. The town lies in a valley, washed by the fine river *Tavy*; over which is a stone bridge. The streets are indifferently paved with a kind of pebble excessively hard and slippery. Many of the houses are of considerable antiquity, and like old houses in general, are dark, dismal, and incommodious.

The principal Inn, (which is the property of the Duke of *Bedford*,) has arisen out of the ruins of the Abbey—the architecture of which is very evident, in the building made use of as a stable. There is a fine arch'd gateway still remaining, but the rooms over it are in a decayed condition. Some of the old walls are standing at the back

part of the Inn, and the entrance to the great hall; which is turreted.

About the year 900, *Orgar*, or *Orgarus*, or *Orgerus*, Duke of *Devonshire*, (a title in those days somewhat synonimous with that of a Lord Lieutenant of a County, at present) was born either at, or near *Tavistock*. His daughter was married to King *Edgar*. *Orgar* laid the foundation of *Tavistock* Abbey, which was finished by his son *Ordulph*.

It is of *Elfreda* the daughter of *Orgar* and sister of *Ordulph*, that Historians tell the following story.—King *Edgar* (say they) being informed of the matchless beauty and impressive accomplishments of *Elfreda*, sent *Ethelwolf*, a Nobleman, to make proposals of marriage to her in his name. The Earl however, thought proper to prefer his own suit, instead of that of his royal Master—he succeeded, and married *Elfreda*; but the Monarch sometime afterwards coming into the west, amused himself with hunting upon *Dartmoor* For-

est, and took that opportunity of paying a visit to his favourite; who had previously informed the King, that the beauty of *Elfreda*, was by no means equal to the reports of fame, or the ideas which his Majesty had entertained of her. *Edgar*—upon making a discovery, which at once roused his jealousy, and his love was so transported with passion, that he immediately slew Earl *Ethelwolf*, and in a short time married his Widow, by whom he had *Ethelred*, who succeeded to the Throne. *Orgar* was buried at *Tavistock*, in the year 971, according to *Dugdale*.

Tavistock Abbey had scarcely stood thirty years, before it was destroyed by the *Danes*, whose ravages and barbarity extended to every thing venerable or sacred, upon which they could lay their hands; but it was rebuilt with greater splendour.

When *Canute* the Great, in a fit of devotion thought it necessary to pay a visit to *Rome*, and by his address, during his stay at that court, had procured for his subjects the privilege of being ex-

empted from toll, not only in *Italy*, but throughout *France* and *Germany*, he employed *Livingus*, the Abbot of *Tavistock*, to carry a letter addressed to the Prelates of *England*, informing them of the advantage which he had been solicitous to obtain for his people; and the whole of this curious epistle is preserved in the writings of *William* of *Malmsbury*.

That the Abbots of *Tavistock* (who sat in Parliament) had vast power, may easily be understood from the following circumstance.—*Oldham* Bishop of *Exeter*, having quarreled with the then Abbot, the latter appealed to the Pope, who excommunicated the Bishop, and as he died during the continuance of the interdict, his corpse could not be buried until the sentence was taken off, at the request of his executors.

Immediately beyond *Tavistock*, the fields appear in a high state of cultivation; and the herbage and verdure is much superior to what we observed on the road from *Oakhampton*: but after having

passed *Hara-bridge*, the country alters greatly: a wild heath extending on every side for several miles.

In a thick wood on the left, I saw the shaft of a tin-mine, the first we noticed in the country.

Farther on, close by the side of the road, is a large rock of stone, near twenty feet high, sprouting abruptly out of the ground: and what makes it's appearance the more remarkable is, that the soil near it has fewer stones than all the neighbouring grounds.

To those who have been always accustomed to the prospect of fertile fields; and who have seldom beheld a landscape unadorned by woodland scenery, it is difficult to represent the effect produced by the rock before mentioned, and they will scarcely credit, how much relief it affords to the eye in this bleak and arid moor,—where it is the only refuge from the storm, the only shelter from the

heat, and the only screen from the keenness of the northern blast, which the defenceless flocks can resort to, in any variety of this changeable atmosphere: aud I confess, I was myself never before so fully sensible, of the force and propriety of that elegant and sublime passage in the prophecy of *Isaiah*, where he speaks of the refreshment derived from "*the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

The farmers near *Tavistock* were much harrased at the time we were there, on account of a wild dog, which made frequent and almost nightly depredations upon their flocks; and (notwithstanding constant attempts to shoot or catch him) always escaped the vigilance of his pursuers, and secured himself from them, in the inaccessible heights of the rocks, or in the deepest recesses of the forest. We could not clearly ascertain from the account of the people with whom we conversed, to what particular genus this animal belonged, but the general opinion was in favor of it's being a wolf dog.

After passing *Roborough* Down, we gained a view of the heights above *Plymouth*, of *Maker*, the *Telegraph* upon it's top;—and at length *Plymouth* Sound, the shipping, and the *Harbour*, gradually opened to our sight.

Few prospects can boast of a greater variety, of rich and interesting scenery. The town of *Plymouth* with it's appendages, the dock and dock-yard the villages of *Stoke* and *Stone-house*, covers an immense quantity of very unequal ground: and in the citadal, the churches, naval hospital, government house, and other public buildings, presents a series of objects, among which the wandering eye loses itself in admiration.

We passed a comfortable house, very pleasantly situated, and surrounded with pastures, full of the most beautiful cattle my eyes ever beheld—and after having several times lost and regained a sight of the different objects before enumerated, by the inequalities of the road; we approached the village of *Stoke-Damarell*, which from it's proxim-

ity may be considered, as a kind of suburb to *Plymouth Dock*.

Here, on an eminence very judiciously chosen to command all the roads leading towards the dock-yard and powder magazine, stands a block house fortified with caronades.

The church of *Stoke* has been enlarged at different times, the whole town of *Dock* being situated in this parish. The living is in the gift of Sir *John St. Aubyn*, Bart.

Plymouth Dock, from a small village, has in a few years increased to an astonishing degree in size and population, and it is said that the number of inhabitants is at present five times as great as it was sixty years ago. Nor is this crcumstance altogether dependant upon the influx of artizans and other persons, from remote parts of the country, who come to reside here in various situations: for, by a calculation made with considerable accuracy, it has been clearly proved that, in this

parish, the average number of deaths annually was no more then one in fifty-four—which indicates a degree of atmospheric, or perhaps I should say, local salubrity, scarcely equalled in the Kingdom; and of itself, accounts for this great increase of population.

It's situation upon a rock of slate renders it much cleaner than *Plymouth*, which lying in the bottom is constantly subject to dirt and humidity.

The streets are of a commodious breadth, and in general run in direct lines, and it has been often remarked, as an object of great curiosity, that they are paved with a species of marble highly polished.

Hackney chaises ply here the same as coaches in *London*—but from the filthiness of the sailors, and their *Companions*, who are the principal employers of these Vehicles, they are often disgusting to more senses than one. There are com-

modious barracks capable of containing several regiments.—The fortifications are immense, surrounding the whole town, and mounting a prodigious number of guns. They are flanked with bastions in the formation of which the different regiments stationed here, have been occasionally employed.

CHAP. XX.

The Dock Yard—Blacksmith's Forge—Rope-House —Ordnance Wharf—Powder Magazine.

IT is extremely difficult to give such a description of the Dock-yard, as can convey even a tollerable idea of it's neatness and excellent arrangements.

The approach to it, is by the principal street, called *Fore-street*, which runs in a direct line from the entrance of the town to the gate of the yard.

The view of the opposite shore, and of Mount *Edgcumbe*, the wet and dry docks, the store-houses, and in fine, the several buildings and offices admirably calculated for the maintenance of a formidable navy, all regularly disposed and full of busy hands, would require a volume of praise and commendation.

The houses of the principal officers form an agreeable row of neatly constructed building, in the centre of which lives the Commissioner of the Dock-yard. Several rows of shady trees are planted parallel with these habitations, and shelter them from the scorching heat of the sun, which I think shed it's beams with greater refulgence on the day we visited this place, than I ever remember to have felt before.

The Blacksmith's shop is an object of great curiosity, and has very aptly been compared with the description of *Vulcan's* infernal habitation, so boldly described by *Virgil* in the eighth Æneid.

" Insula Sicanium juxta latus Æoliámque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis;
Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
Antra Ætnea tonant, validíque incudibus ictus
Auditi referunt gemitum, stridúntque cavernis
Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat;
Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontésq; Steropésq; et nudus membra Pyracmon.
* * * * * * *

Parte aliâ Marti currúmque rotásq ; volucres
Instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes :
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Alii ventosis follibus auras,
Accipiunt reddúntque : alii stridentia tingunt
Æra lacu, gemit impositis incudibus antrum.
Illi inter sese multâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versántq ; tenaci forcipe massam.

Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood,
All black with smoke a rocky island stood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the God.
Here the grim Cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er ;
From side to side the fiery caverns roar.
Loud groans the mass beneath their pond'rous blows ;
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
* *
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal ;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough *Steropes* and *Brontes* gave,
And strong *Pyracmon* shook the gloomy cave.
* * * * * * * * * *
a second train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war,
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Some with huge bellows rouze the roaring flame :

Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the sound.
Exact in time each pond'rous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raise,
And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways.

PITT.

The Rope-House is longer than that at *Portsmouth*, (upwards of 400 yards;) every other part of the yard, excepting the Dry-docks, is upon a smaller scale. The site of the Dock-yard is a slate quarry, and many of the buildings have been erected with materials dug on the very spot.

A neat little Chapel stands near the entrance, whose Minister has a very handsome allowance; being entitled, besides his salary, to four pence per month for every man who is borne on the books of the yard.

King *William* the third had the honor of founding this Dock-yard. It naturally excites our surprize, that so eligible a situation as an harbour for ships of war to lay in ordinary, as well as for build-

ing and repairing them, should have remained so long forgotten or overlooked.

Near the north west side of the Dock-yard is the Ordnance Wharf, where a prodigious assortment of ammunition is constantly in store, as well as a great variety of arms of every description. Cannons, Caronades, Mortars, Bombs, Swords, Pikes, Musquets, and almost every other device, which has been con-contrived by man to take away the life of man.

The Powder Magazine, a plain building of white stone, stands northward of the Dock-yard, at the water's-edge; and a very handsome house has been erected near it, for the residence of the officers belonging to that department.

Great precaution is used in admitting strangers to a view of this repository, in which many thousand barrels of powder are constantly lodged. All persons wearing swords or spurs are obliged to leave them with a centinel at the outer door, where they are furnished with a pair of large clogs, lest

any accident should happen from a nail which might have been used in the sole of the shoe. After all, I was much less pleased with a sight of the Powder Magazine, than with any other public work which I visited: it very much resembled a vintner's cellar, full of small casks instead of large ones.

Steel conductors, for the security of the building against the effects of lightning, are placed at the angles; and a storm coming on, just after we left it, presented a very awful, but at the same time beautiful spectacle, in the playing of the electric fluid upon the wires.

The arm of the sea into which the river *Tamar* empties itself, comes up between the site of the Magazine and the opposite shore; it is of a noble breadth, and affords, in sailing up it, delightful views of the neat white houses of *Saltash*, and the remains of an ancient Castle called *Trematon*, which I shall presently have occasion to describe.

In the year 997 some *Danish* pirates, who were at that period the scourges of the seas, entered the *Tamar*; and laid waste, with fire and sword, a considerable part of the counties of *Devon* and *Cornwall*, which are separated by that river.

CHAP. XXI.

Saltash—Anecdote—St. Stephen's Church—Ploughing—Church Yard—Trematon Castle.

WE were tempted by the fineness of the weather to make an excursion upon the opposite shore, and with this intention took boat near the Gun Wharf, and sailed with a fine breeze up the *Tamar*. An opening presented itself on the left, called the river of St. *German*, whose bold shores afforded innumerable objects of delight and admiration.

We landed at *Saltash*, a borough town, situated upon the side of a steep hill, and reaching to the water's edge. There is a Market House, supported by several pillars; and, above it, a large Assembly Room. Upon the brow of the hill is an old Conduit, with the following words on the stone work,—

"BOROUGH OF SALTASH, 1767."

but there must be some mistake in the date, the building being evidently of much greater antiquity.

The streets are narrow, crooked, and ill built; chiefly inhabited by poor fishermen: but it is one of the principal entrances into *Cornwall*, and sends two Members to Parliament.

A story is told of one of the *G*—— family, who spent a great deal of money at a contested election here, without success; and being much chagrined, and suspecting himself duped by the Aldermen of the town: after his return home, he addressed a polite letter to the Mayor, informing him, that he had directed a box to be sent for the Members of the Corporation, containing some substantial marks of regard for that respectable body, and requesting his Worship to deliver the presents in his name. On the arrival of the box, the Mayor accordingly assembled his venerable Associates: but, upon opening the package, instead of a magnificent piece of plate or some other va-

luable present, to the utter astonishment of the whole meeting, they found nothing but a dozen of common halters, separately directed for each Alderman, and a thirteenth (which, for the sake of distinction, was of silk) for the Mayor.

At the commencement of the civil wars of *Cromwell*, General Sir *Ralph Hoptown* drove the Rebels out of *Saltash*, which was garrisoned for the Parliament, under the direction of *Ruthven*, Governor of *Plymouth*.

We ascended a hill towards the left; and, as we approached the Church of St. *Stephen*, situated upon an eminence about a mile from *Saltash*, were amused with observing the extraordinary method of ploughing which is practised in these parts.—Two small horses, scarcely worthy of the name, were tied to an awkward kind of plough, and driven up and down a field nearly as steep as the roof of a house, by a boy who rode constantly upon the back of the hindmost beast, and urged the poor creatures forward with a little whip like

that of a postillion, whenever the fatigue of ascending the hill made them faulter in their pace.

In the porch at the entrance of the church-yard, is a stone bearer to rest corpses on, when brought hither for interment—and there is a kind of grating of large stones, so placed as to prevent any cattle from getting into the church-yard—a very decent and commendable contrivance.

The Church is a large gothic pile, built with thin layers of stone, and covered with slate—which is also used for the formation of the monuments, and even the sun-dial. The following remarkable inscription was too conspicuous to be overlooked.

"In memory of *Mary Richards* the Wife
Of *John Richards*. God so join'd us for life,
In seventeen hundred and 86, did I
Conquer Death, the fifteenth of *July*;
Just as I reach'd the age of fifty three,
Death came in haste, and thus did call for me,
Haste & prepare, for now the time is nigh,
With four of thy offspring thou must die;
And leave thy Husband with the other four,

Thee to lament, whilst worms do thee devour.
Altho' a loving Wife industrious to perfection,
Also a tender Mother and Friend of great affection.
So now farewell my Husband and my Children Dear,
With *hope* I'm gone to Christ in *hopes* to meet you there,
Where my Relations all, and Friends I *hope* to see
I cannot come to them: but *hope* they'l come to me.
So put your trust in Christ, and then you will be found
To rise with him on high; when the last Trump shall sound."

This Church was collegiate, and secular canons were placed here before the conquest. It was suppressed about the Year 1126, and the Monks removed to a building contiguous to *Trematon* Castle, which stands at no great distance from the church.

Some years since, a monumental stone was discovered here, supposed to have been designed for *Orgar* Duke of *Devonia* and *Cornwall*, whose daughter was married to King *Edgar*: but of this there are no certain proofs.

We pursued our walk to the beautiful and picturesque ruins of *Trematon* Castle, whose ve-

nerable fragments threaten with destruction every intruder who is tempted to approach them.

This fortess is situated upon a high hill, and rendered more elegant in perspective, by the tufted scenery around it: and by the encircling ivy which seems to be using it's best endeavours to repair the havoc made by the repeated attacks of wind and tempest.

"See! broken battlements, array'd
With Ivy's awe-inspiring shade;
Whose verdant, proping arms prevail
Where the builder's efforts fail."

This was the ancient residence of the Kings, Dukes, and Earls of *Cornwall*, who kept their court here: we find that it was given by the Conqueror to *Robert* his half brother: but it is not supposed that he built it.

Under a plain arch by which we entered the Castle, I observed the grooves for the portcullis —the area within the walls may contain near two

acres of ground, but all the buildings have been demolished. The walls are about six feet thick and embattled all round—the shape rather inclining to a circle.

The Keep is nearer an oval than a circle, the bare outside walls (which are about ten feet thick) are all that remain, and the interior is now converted into a potatoe garden.

There are no windows in the Keep, the rooms of which were therefore lighted from the Area, and this little court must have been so confined, that the apartments could be little better than so many dungeons. Security, however, being chiefly aimed at, in similar buildings—our ancestors frequently deprived themselves of those essential comforts, light, and air.

The entrance to the Keep was by a saxon arched door-way towards the west. On the north was a sally-port, and from the inequalities of the ground on that side, some buildings seem to have been

demolished; as likewise at the south west corner, where foundations of walls are still visible.

The stone used in the building is porous, and resembles sand compacted or petrified. The whole is surrounded with a deep ditch, except at the entrance, where a square tower is the only habitable part of this once regal seat: now occupied by the family of a poor peasant, and affording him in common, with his cattle, a miserable shelter from the inclemency of the seasons

William Earl of *Morton*, according to Doomsday-book, had possession of this castle and held a market here.

CHAP. XXII.

Return to Dock — Plymouth — Mill-Prison — the Haugh — Mew-Stone — the Citadel — Stone-house — Naval-Hospital — Marine-Barracks — Government-House.

On our return to *Plymouth*, we had a pleasant passage — the different objects on shore, and the busy assemblage of aquatic adventurers, who had been drawn together by the fineness of the weather, added to a chearfulness which seems generally to characterize the neighbourhood, which I am attempting to describe.

We had a view of *Antony*, a fine house belonging to Mr. *Carew*, and the irriguous banks of St. *German's* river, covered with fine woods on one side, and corn fields on the other; landed at the place from whence we had set out in the morning, and passed through *Dock* to dine at *Plymouth*.

Plymouth is a town of some antiquity, but has very little internal advantage or celebrity to recommend it to a stranger's notice. It's markets are well supplied, but dirty. It's inns are numerous, but incommodious. It's buildings are on a confined scale—it's streets and alleys narrow, steep, and disagreeable. It's play-house dismal, filthy, and disgusting; and few additions to, or improvements of the town have taken place for many years. But, after having enumerated these great and striking disadvantages, we are bound to remark, that it has long been famed for it's convenient Port, and for it's fine pool for the reception of merchant ships.

After dinner we took a walk to *Mill-Prison*, the place of confinement for French prisoners: where, notwithstanding the accounts propagated to the contrary, we were happy to find them in possession of many comforts as well as every necessary. The licentious liberty of republicanism seemed, even here, to require a check—the most indecent pictures, and pieces of carved work,

being constantly exposed for sale. We were informed that a fever had lately made great ravages in the prison—and were not surprised to hear this, when we walked round the south west wall, where the stench of the sewers was intolerable. I should not have been thus minute, if I had not entertained a hope—that the hint may reach those whose peculiar province it is to regulate places of confinement; and that they may be induced to effect some beneficial alterations, in a matter which so greatly concerns the welfare of their fellow creatures. The very existence of putrid fever might, undoubtedly, be extirpated in this country.

The modern improvements which have been made in the metropolis, and in all large manufacturing and populous towns, evince the truth of this assertion. The plague is not now heard of in *England*: and, as the ravages of that most highly putrid and destructive disease have been prevented, by the increase of cleanliness among the lower orders of society, so there is no doubt,

that the free circulation of pure air, and the admission of plenty of good water, to places of close confinement, would, in a great measure, annihilate infection.

> " Ye, who amid this fev'rish world would wear
> A body free from pain, of cares a mind,
> Fly the rank city, shun it's turbid air;
> Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke,
> And volatile corruption from the dead,
> The dying, sickning, and the living world,
> Exhal'd to sully heav'n's transparent dome
> With dim mortality. It is not air,
> That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
> Sated with exhalations, rank and fell,
> The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
> Of Nature; when, from shape and texture, she
> Relapses into fighting elements:
> It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
> Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things."
>
> ARMSTRONG.

Barracks, to contain a Regiment of Militia, have been erected, contiguous to the prison; and there is a most commodious Guard-Room, for the use of the men on duty.

Ascending a hill, eastward of the *Mill-Prison*, we came to a piece of ground called the *Haugh*, which affords a beautiful prospect of *Mount Edgcumbe*, the Island of St. *Nicholas*, the *Mew-Stone*, and the opening into *Catwater;* and is bounded on the east side by that noble fortification the *Citadel*. *Mount Edgcumbe*, the beautiful seat of the Earl of *Mount Edgcumbe*, presents a most chearful front, flanked with rich woods and extensive shrubberies; objects of inestimable beauty in a country where the ground is too generally deprived of it's native green.

The Island of St. *Nicholas* contains about three acres of ground; it is but a little distance from shore, and is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by the Royal Corps of Invalids.

It is said that, during the reign of *Edward* the sixth, this spot was resorted to by many well affected persons, who fled from the rebels in *Cornwall*. From the western extremity of the island runs a ledge of rocks to the shore at *Crimble* passage, below *Mount Edgcumbe;* in the midst of which

is a narrow entrance for ships to pass through; and in order to direct their course, three obelisks, of a pyramidical form, have been erected upon the *Haugh*.

The *Mew-Stone* is an insulated rock, near the south east corner of the land, at the entrance to the harbour.

The approach to *Catwater*, where the Merchant-men lie at anchor eastward of *Plymouth*, is defended by a Block-house upon a promontory called *Mount Batton*, the guns of which are also well calculated to rake any ship which may attempt to pass up to *Hamoaze*.

Having entertained ourselves for a considerable time with viewing these several objects, we proceeded to the *Citadel*, which is one of the most complete fortifications in *England*. It is so situated as to command not only the entrance to the harbour and *Catwater*, but likewise the whole town of *Plymouth*; many of the streets of which lie open

to the mouths of the cannon upon the ramparts. Indeed there can be no doubt of this fortress having been originally built as much for the purpose of over-awing the townsmen, as for their security; for it was erected in the reign of *Charles* the second, and about the time of his establishing the Cabal or Junto, whose designs were so evidently directed to restrain the liberty of the subject.

"Her Gates in awful grandeur stand,
Equal to shine in peace, or war sustain,
Her mighty bulwarks threat the plain
With many a work of death, and armed mound."

It would be uninteresting to attempt a minute description of the bastions, counterscarps, ravines, &c. &c. it is sufficient to observe, that all the works are mounted with heavy cannon, that it is well stored with ammunition, and occupied by a Garrison of considerable strength.

"Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep;
While, in their wombs, ten thousand thunders sleep."

The apartments of the Governor, since the building of a new house for his residence at *Dock*, have been filled by his Lieutenant, who is a gentleman very generally and deservedly respected. The Citadel and Ramparts afforded us a pleasant lounge; and we must not quit them without mentioning a good statue of King *George* the second, placed upon a grass-plat opposite the Governor's house. Over the Gateway is the date 1671, the year of it's erection.

Until the time of Sir *Francis Drake*, *Plymouth* was much inconvenienced by the want of a regular supply of water; and, to the skill and exertions of that gentleman, have succeeding generations owed the advantages of a fine lake, which he caused to be brought hither.

Plymouth is a place of some antiquity; it's name is evidently derived from the river *Plym*. —It is a town corporate, and has sent Members to Parliament ever since the reign of *Edward* the first.

The direct road from *Plymouth* to *Dock* passes through the village of *Stonehouse;* which increases so rapidly, that a few years will, probably, render it the means of uniting them together.

Stonehouse is remarkable for two public buildings, of great utility and magnificence: one the *Naval Hospital*, the other the *Marine-Barracks*. The first is situated in a large enclosure, on the right hand side of the road; and is well supplied with every comfort and convenience for the benefit of the sufferers, and attended by the most eminent of the faculty. The last is erected on a fine open airy spot, in the southern part of the village; and finished with great neatness and elegance.

We took a cursory view of the Government House, a new building contiguous to the town of *Dock*, before we embarked for *Cornwall*. It is a neat stone edifice, commanding a beautiful view of the shipping in the harbour, and of *Mount Edgcumbe*.

The principal apartments are in the south front; the north opens into a piece of waste ground, made use of as a parade by some of the regiments in garrison here. Two batteries occupy the highest part of this field, and are capable of affording considerable security to any vessels coming into *Hamoaze*.

CHAP. XXIII.

Crimble-Ferry—Mount Edgcumbe—the Gardens—Battery—Monuments—Views—Duke de Medina Sidonia—Grotto—Maker—Telegraph—the Church—Inscriptions.

AT *Crimble-Ferry* we crossed the water to *Mount Edgcumbe*, and landed at a neat, snug, comfortable public-house, upon the water's edge.

Not far from this place we were shewn a natural curiosity, very well worthy of examination. The shore consists of bold eminences, and vast masses of slate; from the surface of which, a sort of *lapidific* matter having oozed, descends like a large sheet of ice, and forms a substance harder than slate, and approaching nearly to the nature of stone. Hence naturalists have observed, that the production of certain stones depends upon the descent of rain water through the fissures, crevices and pores

of rocks, which, uniting with portions of their substances, forms stone, in the manner above stated.

Having obtained permission to see the gardens of the Earl of *Mount Edgcumbe*, we were admitted, by a small iron gate, into the pleasure grounds. The first object which engrossed our attention, was a spacious conservatory; where the exotics expanded their foilage in the open air, and rioted luxuriously in the refulgence of a meridian sun.

From thence we were conducted into a grove dedicated to *Ariosto;* whose statue, with an Italian inscription, is placed on a neat pedestal in the centre. The walk next leads to a battery, mounted with twenty-one guns, opposed to the passage into *Hamoaze;* and along a slope decorated with antique vases and urns.

A monument in memory of *Timothy Brett* is placed in a grove of cypress; and not far from it is a little temple, surrounded with cedar trees and

odoriferous plants. If this delightful place wants a name, I would call it—"the house of the forest of *Lebanon*."

In a thicket, almost impervious, is an urn with this inscription,—

> "Porco fidissimo cupidini
> Hic tumulus inscribitur."

The serpentine walk now leads up an ascent to another temple, containing the busts of *Virgil*, *Homer*, *Shakespear*, and *Milton*; and a fine imitation of bronze, in the statue of a negro.

The gravel walks are full of a kind of spar, which glitters and reflects like small pieces of steel. Cork trees, Magnolia, and Myrtles flourish in great abundance, and seem perfectly naturalized to the soil. In a pretty grotto, under some fine rock work, is a little bason of transparent water.

Hitherto our attention had been confined to the interior of the gardens; the disposition and

arrangement of which has been made with uncommon taste. I have no doubt, however, that *Mount Edgcumbe* was, naturally, an enchanting spot. The Duke de *Medina Sidonia*, who commanded the Spanish Armada in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, advanced so far up the Channel and into the mouth of *Plymouth* harbour, as to obtain a view of these grounds; and was so struck with the beautiful appearance of *Mount Edgcumbe* from the water, that, in the projected participation of the lands, he had reserved this spot for his own possession: and it is to be remarked, that, at that time, it had only the advantage of a few years cultivation. Progressive improvements have been making, during a period of more than two hundred years since.

Gaining a considerable degree of elevation, and overlooking the plantations, we were presented at one view with the buildings at *Plymouth* and *Stonehouse*, the Marine and Mill-prison barracks, and a small portion of the sea below us.

An avenue of ash trees brought us to a corner of the grounds, opening to a northern view of the

coast of *Plymouth;* on the other side—the harbour—the town of *Saltash*—Government-House and *Dock;* and, in front, the Mew-stone—St. *Nicholas'* Island and *Catwater.*

We proceeded through a close winding walk upon the brow of the hill, and came round the extreme point of the land under an arched rock, from whence the *Eddistone* Light-house is visible. The declivity to the sea is covered with shrubs and scotch firs; and among them is an antique porch or grotto, shaded with myrtle and ivy, with a seat which commands a small bay or inlet of the sea. The soil here is so wonderfully prolific, that we might truly say, with Mr. *Addison,*

> "Rozze amor rupi molle mirto menano
> Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano."

> "Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
> And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume."

We had spent so much time in admiring the natural and artificial beauties of these delightful gardens, that we were constrained to proceed on our

way without inspecting the house, whose exterior is no way answerable to the place about it.

We were now arrived at the termination of the Park, near which stands *Maker* Church, with the Telegraph. The signals are made by a certain number of balls and pendants, run up in different directions; and there is a little cabin at the foot of the flag-staff, near the Church-yard, inhabited by a veteran Lieutenant, who conducts the business of the signals, and politely explained to us the method of working the Telegraph. The top of the tower, upon which the signal-post is placed, afforded a charming view of the ocean, as well as the land side, with all the striking and interesting objects before-mentioned, in the neighbourhood of *Plymouth* and *Dock*, extending even to *Trematon* Castle.

The church of *Maker* is a small neat building, but the pulpit and reading-desk are magnificent; and a large gallery, appropriated for the use of the *Mount Edgcumbe* family, is rather too much

ornamented and distinguished, in a place where the shadow of pre-eminence ought not to enter.

Against one of the pillars in the body of the church is a tablet, with the following attempt at versification:—

"Here by this pillar interred doth lie
The bodies of man and wife which at once did die,
They like two turtle doves when one was gone
The other for her death, to death did morne,
They have left the company of mortals here
To be with the immortal God whom they did fear
And when their work on earth was done,
Like two travellers they walk home,
With whom wee leave them untill wee
With them the immortal God shall see."

This *elegant* epitaph is placed here in memory of "*John Ingram*, of *Higher Insworth*, Gent. and *Johanna* his wife, which departed this life the *7th* and 9*th* of *June*, A.D. 1669."

Near the east end is a small white marble monument, beautifully polished, with the following inscription:—

"THE RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE
VISCOUNT MOUNT EDGCUMBE AND VALLETORT
AND
BARON EDGCUMBE
ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE
LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM
OF THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL
AND
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL
OBIIT 4 FEB. 1791. ÆT. 74."

CHAP. XXIV.

Cawsand — Smugglers — Sharrow-Pastures — Sea Prospects — Grotto — Verses — Sun-setting.

WE descended a very steep hill, amidst the most fœtid and disagreeable odour of stinking pilchards and train oil, into the town of *Cawsand*, situated in the famous bay of that name.

This little place, and *Kingsand* which adjoins it, is inhabited by Fishermen; whofe families are employed in salting down abundance of fish, for home consumption.

The Streets scarcely deserve so important a name; and some of the Houses are almost inaccessible, on account of the steep banks upon which they are built—and where they are so much exposed to the violence of the wind, as to keep their inhabitants in perpetual jeopardy.

Upon *Maker Heights*, above the Town, and entirely commanding it, are two Forts, which are well mounted with heavy cannon. Several encampments have been formed on this ground.

When the united fleets of *France* and *Spain* adventured to approach the Bay, it was judged necessary, that the trees at *Mount Edgcumbe* should be cut down, to prevent their affording shelter to the enemy, in case a landing was effected.

In going down the hill, towards *Kingsand*, we met several females, whose appearance was so grotesque and extraordinary, that I could not imagine, in what manner they had contrived to alter their natural shapes so completely; till, upon enquiry, we found that they were smugglers of spirituous liquors; which they were at that time conveying from their Cutter to *Plymouth*, by means of bladders fastened under their petticoats: and, indeed, they were so heavily laden, that it was with great apparent difficulty they waddled along.

This illicit traffic is carried on without the least apprehension of the consequences of detection;—the Smugglers finding a constant market for their contraband articles, at *Plymouth* Dock and the neighbouring villages—and seldom meeting with any interruptions from the Excise Officers, who, if attentive to the discharge of their duty, might seize vast quantities of smuggled goods, at every hour in the day.

The principal annoyance to these *honest* traders, is their intercourse with drunken sailors; to whose insults and frolics they are perpetually exposed, both in the road to *Crimble-Ferry* and in their passage over the water—and it is not unfrequently that these jolly sons of *Neptune* pierce the bladders with their knives, and highly enjoy the confusion they have occasioned.

Smuggling seems to constitute a regular trade, among the lower orders of people, on this coast—and some hundreds gain their livelihood by it.

At *Cawsand* we were informed, that a pleasant walk, which leads to the village of *Tregantle*, would present us (as it was a clear day) with a view of the Coast, as far westward as the *Lizard*. We were happy to embrace so agreeable an opportunity of breathing a little pure air—immediately left the pilchard merchants, and, conducted by a guide, climbed up the rocks of this uncommon but romantic peninsula.

We reached *Sharrow-Pastures*, some cultivated fields rich in herbage, about four o'clock in the afternoon; and enjoyed, with infinite satisfaction, as bold a view of Old Ocean "heaving his tempestuous billows to the skies" as perhaps any situation in the world can afford. The mountains of *Cornwall* and it's abrupt precipices frowning at the surge, which eternally dashes with hoarse murmurs against the rocks upon the coast, were not the least interesting features in the picture. But the scene must have been greatly heightend, when the British Fleet, riding triumphant upon the waves,—with the gallant *Howe*, and those brave veterans who

distinguiſhed themselves with him, on the famed first of *June*, was seen stretching it's tremendous line from *Rame-Head* to the *Lizard-Point*, and bidding defiance to the combined efforts of *England*'s foes.

Below us, scooped out of the solid rock, was a large cave formed by the manual labour of Mr. *Joseph Lugger*, of the Royal Navy. The roof is arched, and the dimensions are fifteen feet long, by about eight wide; it is furnished with a table, and benches of stone on each side, fufficient to accommodate more than twenty persons.

The following unpoliſhed lines are cut in the roof and sides of the grotto; from whence (while my companion amuſed himself with angling for conger eels, which are found here in great numbers and of prodigious size) I transcribed them.

Oppesite the entrance,

"To
Miss *Eliot*, of *Port-Eliot*,
dedicated.
Cui chorus assurrexit omnis Nympharum."

" Not Roman annals, of immortal fame,
Could boast a higher or more glorious name;
Britain! an *Eliot* long thy cause maintains
And nobly scorn'd to forge his country's chains.
So great a name, with charms so bright as thine,
Have made ev'n *Sharrow's* rough hewn stones to shine."

" *J. Lugger* Naviculator fecit
Anno 1784.
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te
scire, hoc sciat alter."

On the south side.

" If *Sharrow* down thy wand'ring steps invite,
Unerring nature can thy thoughts delight;
On it's high cliffs securely may'st thou ſtand,
And view the rocks that guard thy native land.
But, as thou walk'st, should sudden storms ariſe,
Red lightnings flash, or thunder shake the skies,
To *Sharrow's* friendly grot in haste retreat,
And find safe shelter and a rocky seat;
Then listen to the ocean's awful roar,
And view the waves dash on it's bounded shore."

" Th' Omnipotent all things must obey:
Observe the great and the tremendous sea!
Washing, with rolling waves, the doubtful strand;
By turns it's ocean, and by turns it's land.
Whether the winds and moons their periods keep,
To swell the billows and ferment the deep,
Content am I, th' all-moving cause t'admire,
In air, in earth, in water and in fire:

From these the planetary systems all
Run their rounds with this terrestrial ball."

On the ceiling.

" Near to this place, once *Sharrow* palace stood,
With rocks surrounded, and the briny flood;
Where the loud tempest bids the billows roar,
Lashing the rocks, and thund'ring on the shore.
Safe landed from the storm and foaming main,
This friendly 'sylum would the fisher gain.
Time gave the word! this useful building falls,
And sunk in ruins are it's once strong walls.
Say, would you breathe the fresh enliv'ning air,
To yon high cliffs and sandy beech repair;
Not spicy gales, blown from *Arabia's* coast,
More pure nor balmy influence can boast.
Behold yon sea, with it's self-cleansing wave,
Health comes along, and bids you freely lave;
To you, who now enervated descend,
She will, in time, her kind assistance lend:
By this and exercise, here oft endur'd,
The *Gout* itself for many years was cur'd."

On the north side.

" Look round, on this terraqueous ball,
How all the nations rise and fall;
In wisdom's scales (clear is the case)
Prudence exalts as wiles abase:
By ill-judged measures, *Britain* see!
America no more depends on thee."

"When thou dost enter this sequester'd spot,
May ev'ry jarring passion be forgot.
Behold! these artless scenes! how vast! how grand!
Proclaim the wonders of thy Maker's hand;
Who gave thy soul it's ev'ry thinking pow'r,
And kindly shields thee ev'ry fleeting hour;
From thence thy motives into action run,
And self-conviction bids thee vice to shun.
Improve these thoughts where peace and silence reign,
And *Sharrow* grot shall not be hewn in vain."

ANN THOMAS.

Over the door, on the outside.

" Intus amica specus vivoque sedilia saxo
Nympharum domus."

Mr. *Lugger*, before-mentioned, is a gentleman considerably advanced in life. It is said that he made the village of *Tregantle* his residence during the American war; and that, being recommended to use constant exercise and some kind of bodily labour, in order to prevent a fit of the gout, he, with his own hands, made this cave: and, as the story goes, has never since been visited by that obstinate and painful disorder.

Before we left this rustic retirement, we had an opportunity of contemplating the setting Sun.

The glorious luminary of day gently sinking below the horizon, presented one of the most beautiful and interesting spectacles in nature, gilding the waves with it's radiant beams, aud descending with awful silent grandeur; till, on a sudden, resting as it were, for a moment on the bosom of the mighty waters, it embraced the tremendous deep, and entered into " the vast palace of darkness."

Hail, peaceful scene of calm retirement! tranquil abode of contemplation! Here, let the children of Nature view with becoming gratitude, HIS wondrous works who gave that Sun it's substance, and sends it daily to revive a sickening world.

See! there, those mighty barriers of the main which rise in sullen majesty, and hide their summits in the glowing clouds:—mountains not merely bulwarks of security—but vast repositories of wealth, and treasuries of arts and industry!

Here! rugged promontories and samphire-crowned rocks display the native wildness of their

charms; while, dashing at their feet, the sea (whose raging violence nought but Almighty Power can restrain) pours forth it's numerous and most valued treasures—swells it's vast billows—lifts their foaming heads—augments the roaring of the impetuous surge—to praise the GREAT CREATOR! BLEST SOURCE OF BEING!——POWER INFINITE—DIVINE!!

........................" But I lose
Myself in Him! in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence! muse his praise!"

CHAP. XXV.

Road to East Looe—Bridge—Adventure—Boconnock-House—Stormy Night—Cornish Hospitality—St. Austle—Excellent Inn.

THE evening coming on, we made the best of our way to *Antony;* where we saw, on the right, the noble mansion of *Reginald Pole Carew,* Esq. Representative in Parliament for *Lestwithiel;* and from thence proceeded towards *East Looe.*

The road was excessively steep, and we descended twice almost to the water's edge, once by a zig-zag path among huge rocks and precipices, and immediately afterwards mounted another hill, to the height of at least six hundred feet above the level of the sea; from whence we looked down towards the shore, which is verdant almost to the water's edge, and saw cattle grazing among innumerable sea gulls and other large birds, which

"With wings expanded o'er the glassy flood,
Now, sailing smooth, the level surface sweep,
Now—dip their pinions in the briny deep."

We passed two little villages, called *Craft-Hole* and *Down-Derry*, and at length arrived at *East Looe*, and reposed ourselves for the night at a little inn near the entrance of the town.

The river *Looe*, which is very broad and clear, passes under an old bridge of fourteen arches, and falls into the sea between the two boroughs which take their names from this stream.

The situation of *East Looe* is very picturesque. Upon a prominent part of the rock, above the town, is a small battery with four guns; and a breast-work, below, with ten. The houses are small, built with slate, and very close together. The inhabitants chiefly find employment in the Pilchard Fishery; and a manufactory for worsted is also carried on here. The appearance of the town from the opposite hill is rendered very pleasing, by a steep

slope above it, covered with orchards. The Town-hall much resembles a little church.

We passed over the long bridge before-mentioned, and ascended a very high hill. The country near *Looe* and *Pelynt* (by the country people called *Plynt*) is enclosed; and the hedges being high, precluded any opportunity of making observations upon the neighbouring country.

In this narrow lane we met an odd looking man with a large white wig on, and a dash of comic vivacity and wildness in his countenance, which bespoke an extraordinary character. He immediately accosted us, and desired us to understand —that he was *a spiritual philosopher*. Observing the poor man's derangement, we humoured him for a few minutes in his discourse, and he informed us—that he had been writing for a long time in defence of the Bible, that he was a native of *Leskard*, where many of his relations had resided, and particularly his brother; whom, he said, had (under the idea of his being a madman) dispossessed him

of his property, and only allowed him a scanty annuity, scarcely sufficient for him to pursue his favorite studies of Astronomy, Astrology and Divinity; in which, however, he had, notwithstanding every obstacle and inconvenience, made a great proficiency, and should be happy to prove the truth of this assertion, by demonstrating to us at his house at *Leskard*, whither he was going.

We met with nothing remarkable until our arrival at Lord *Camelford's* seat at *Boconnock*, which we approached by a fine avenue of lofty trees.

The House is spacious and comfortable, and contains some capital paintings and a valuable library.

In the Billiard-room are two fine busts—of Lord *Camelford*, the late proprietor of the mansion, and the late Earl of *Chatham*; the former by *Christopher Hewitson*, the latter by *Wilson*.—Beneath the bust of Lord *Chatham* are the following lines, engraved on a copper plate:—

"Her trophies faded, and revers'd her spear,
See! *England's* genius bend o'er *Chatham's* bier;
Her sails no more, in ev'ry clime unfurl'd,
Proclaim her dictates to th' admiring world:
No more shall accents nervous, bold and strong,
Flow in full periods from his patriot tongue,
Yet shall th' historic and poetic page
Thy name, great shade! devolve from age to age;
Thine and thy country's fate, congenial, tell—
By thee she triumph'd, and with thee she fell!"

In the Dining-room are two capital paintings:—

Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, and *Ishmael,*—and
The Prodigal Son.

In another apartment,—

1 The late Prince of *Wales*, by *Vanloo*, 1742.
2 & 3 Mrs. *Saunders* and Mrs. *Spry*, sisters of the first Lord *Camelford.*
4 *Thomas Pitt*, Esq. grandfather of the first Lord *Camelford*, and son of Governor *Pitt.*
5 *Essex*, Daughter of Governor *Pitt*, and wife of *Charles Cholmondely*, Esq. of *Vale Royal.*

In the passage,—

1 *Hugh*, Lord *Warkworth.*
2 *Horace Walpole.*
3 *George*, Lord *Edgcumbe.*
4 Lord *Lyttleton.*
5 The Honorable and Right Reverend *Charles* (*Lyttleton*) Lord Bishop of *Carlisle.*
6 *Richard*, Earl *Temple.*

In the library, over the chimney is a beautiful imitation of antique bronze, upon slate, and a good painting of the Earl of *Strathmore*.

The ball-room opens at one end into the library, and at the other into the drawing-room. The view of the garden from these windows is charming: and there is a fine dropping cascade near the house.

The pictures are—

1 Sir *Reginald*, and } ancient inhabitants of *Boconnock*,
2 Lady *Mohun*, } the date 1636.
3 *Thomas Pitt*, Esq. father } of Lord *Camelford*.
4 Mrs. *Pitt*, - - - - mother }
5 The Right Honorable *George Grenville*, father of the Marquis of *Buckingham*.
6 Sir *Richard Lyttleton*, K. B. uncle of Lord *Camelford*.
7 General, Earl *Stanhope*.
8 The Duchess of *Cleveland*, favorite of *Charles* the second.
9 Bishop of *Carlisle*.
10 Governor *Pitt*, to whom the celebrated jewel called "the Pitt diamond" belonged.
11 Lord *Lyttleton*.
12 *Richard*, Viscount *Cobham*.
13 *William*, Earl of *Chatham*.
14 Mrs. *Stewart*, } aunts of the first Lord *Camelford*.
15 Mrs. *Villers*, }

We were shewn two carved chairs and a smal
table of ebony, made out of Queen *Elizabeth's*
cradle: and a much more handsome and valuable
curiosity—a rich old cabinet of tortoise-shell inlaid
with silver, representing the whole of *Ovid's* Meta-
morphoses.

We also saw a large room, full of the fines
old china, elegantly disposed:—a collection not
be equalled, perhaps, in the kingdom, unless
except that of the Duchess of *Marlborough*
Blenheim.

In a dressing-room there are several goo
prints, of the most memorable sieges and nava
engagements.

The day was unfavorable for exploring the gardens: we therefore contented ourselves with riding up to a magnificent fluted column, erected on an eminence at a distance from the house, in memory of Sir *Ralph Lyttleton*, K. B.

The road from *Boconnock* is very close and uneven,—in one place it winds through a grove of oaks which have a solemn and picturesque effect. Having no guide but that of a common travelling map, which was very inaccurate, we lost our way and wandered about for two hours, which made it late before we arrived at *Lestwithiel*, anciently called *Uzella*, a small borough, but one of the best built (it is said) in the county. Here, we intended to have terminated this day's journey; but a General Officer and his suite, with some other company, having completely occupied the inn at which we stopped to bait our horses, we determined—in spite of the roughness of the weather, which was excessively stormy, and the swift approach of night—to push forward to St. *Austle*.

Long since these sheets were prepared for the press, I accidentally met with a description of the very road which I am now mentioning, in "a tour through the south of *England, Wales, &c.* made in the summer of 1791;" and the author appears, by one of those singular chances which

no man can account for, to have travelled over the same ground at the same dismal hour as we did; and, what is more remarkable, to have described this circumstance in very nearly the words which I had made use of. "It grew very dark, (says he) the night became gloomy and tempestuous, and nothing was wanting to render our situation truly dismal, but the prospect around us; which, we were told, was a wild and barren moor; rugged, black, and desolate."

It was with infinite difficulty that we explored the road. I have observed that the night was approaching before we left *Lestwithiel*; and we had not proceeded more than three miles, before we were enveloped in total darkness,—the rain descended in torrents—the wind howled through the craggy hollow valleys; and the streamlet, which was accustomed to ribble gently from the hills, now, augmented to the furiousness of a cataract, disdained it's wonted limits, and rushed down the steep with the most awful impetuosity. To add to the horrors of this tremendous night, the rattling peals of thun-

der seemed to shake the very ground under our feet, and were re-echoed from the neighbouring mountains, and the mines beneath them.

> . . . " The desert trembles wide around,
> And repercussive hills repeat the sound."

> " The gath'ring tempest now with horror teems,
> Through the dread gloom the vivid lightning gleams:
> Peal follows peal!—still nearer—and more near—
> Contending clouds convey th' electric war.
> Griev'd at the tempest (that, to ruin, sweeps
> Her bounteous produce) gen'rous Nature weeps;
> And, as the elemental warfare ends,
> In whelming floods the pond'rous rain descends."

DAVIS.

My companion became extremely peevish, at having left a place where some kind of shelter might have afforded us the prospect of a more comfortable night than we were likely to meet with in these inhospitable wilds: and I readily agreed with him, to make the best of our way towards a glimmering light which seemed at a great distance from us on the right hand side of the road. In attempting to get thither, however, we were near falling into a large lake or pool of water; and

should inevitably have done so, if the clouds had not just before been a little dispersed.

The light was nearer than we expected, and proceeded from the window of a cottage where a number of persons had assembled for shelter from the rain, which still descended with great violence. After hallooing as loud as we could, for several minutes, the door opened, and a sturdy Cornishman made his appearance, with a rush-light in his hand; the candle was immediately extinguished by the wind, the man retired into the house, the door was closed, and we were left to our meditations, until the hospitable proprietor of the mansion had re-kindled his taper. We kept vociforating all the time as loud as we could, but to no purpose; for stentorean lungs would have been unable to out-noise the violence of the tempest, which was again increasing. The man at last, however, and just as I had turned my horse's head with an intention to proceed on our journey at all events, again opened the door. We requested to know—if he could accommodate us with a lodging,

and our beasts with shelter?—he said—he did not know, but would ask his wife. Before we could dismount he vanished a second time, shut the door upon us, and left us in a worse humour and in a more uncomfortable situation than before; for, by this time, we were not only simply wet through all our cloths, but our boots, and every part of our furniture capable of holding water, was completely full of it.

The reiterated claps of thunder terrified mine host out of the little remains of his understanding; for, when he returned to us, he remained speechless until we had repeated our former interrogatories, and accompanied them with an observation upon the dismal condition in which he had kept us drenched in the rain. The man answered, very coolly, that we might come in *an* we would, but, as for lodging, he had not *enough* for the people already in the house; "the horses," said he "may *bide* in the yard." I was out of all patience at this, and, without speaking a word more, turned about, and resolved to grope my way to St. *Austle* as well

as I could. The rain at last abated, and the moon began to exert it's influence; but the clouds were too thick for us to see the road.

After great difficulty and fatigue, however, we approached St. *Austle*, lighted by the cottage tapers: while the gloominess of the scene was greatly increased by the solemn music of a full-toned bell, tolling for a funeral; and which brought to my recollection the following lines.

"Hark! from afar, I doleful music hear,
Sad, solemn sounds assail my list'ning ear.
Shrouded in darkness, not a gleam of light
Pierces the pitchy mantle of the night;
No voice is heard, but from th' age mould'ring tow'r,
Proclaiming grisly death's terrific pow'r.
Listen my soul! obey the solemn call,
The awful warning mercy sends to all.
This sound of death, this notice kind is giv'n,
That ev'ry hearer may prepare for heav'n."

The inn at St. *Austle*, we found at our arrival, the best we had seen in *Cornwall*; and, at our departure, the cheapest we had met with on our journey. To mention the careful and spontaneous

attentions of our host and hostess, the goodness of their accommodations in every respect, and the air of willing and cheerful alacrity with which they almost anticipated our wishes, is but a tribute of respect to which this worthy couple is justly entitled. The servants of the house seemed to copy, very accurately, the civil and respectful demeanour of their master and mistress, and I should be wanting in my duty to all my travelling readers, if I did not strongly recommend the *White Hart* at St. *Austle* to their favour and patronage.

The town is neat and well built: many large shops, in different branches of trade, seem to have sprung up within these few years; and this increase of wealth and population is chiefly owing to the vicinity of the mines, which are amazingly productive and enrich all who belong to them.

CHAP. XXVI.

Tin-Mines—The Happy Union—Peat—The great Mine at Polgooth.

THE Tin-Mines, with which this country abounds, vary in extent, and still more in the quality of their productions. The tin ore is sometimes found almost pure and unalloyed, but more generally incorporated with foreign bodies,—gold and silver, mundic, spar, copperas, &c. are often blended together with the clay which contains the tin.

The ancient Mines are all subterranean; but there are now some few large pits totally uncovered, and called stream mines, from the ore being separated from the soil in which it is found, by a current of water conducted through the pit. The first we visited was of this kind; it is a square pit, fifty feet deep, and about thirty fathoms over, situ-

ated in the parishes of St. *Austle*, *Mevagissey*, and St. *Ewe*, and known by the appellation of—*The Happy Union.*

The different strata cut through, before the miners reach the ore, are—

First, light sand, intermixed with clay, about fifteen feet.

Second, dark stiff clay, four feet.

Third, light grey clay, five feet.

Fourth, peat of various colours, intermixed with sand, eight feet.

Fifth, light greyish clay and pebbles, three feet.

Sixth, Tin ground, strong, yellowish, and mixed with gravel, and pure tin in grains.

Several small streams are collected, from various sources, and brought to the verge of the pit; in trickling down the sides of which, the strata numbered two and three are turned red.

This water is turbid, and has a disagreeable taste. It falls into little basons or troughs; into

which the miners throw, with their shovels, the the tin ground dug out of the bottom of the mine. The water separates the stones which contain ore, from the sand and clay with which they are mixed, the refuse is thrown out, the pure tin and ore put into baskets or boxes slung upon ropes, and conveyed out of the mine by the assistance of an engine, which alternately raises the superfluous water and these boxes. About fifty men are constantly at work.

We were informed, that this mine was discovered about the year 1781; and the profits of it are immense, the labour of getting out the ore being so inconsiderable.

The tin ground, or bed of ore, varies in thickness from five to eight or ten feet; but, as the extent of this stratum may be very considerable, whenever that part of it which is at present uncovered shall have been entirely worked up, the managers intend to pursue it's course, and not to dig deeper until they have more completely exhausted it.

Below the stratum of tin ground is a bed of stiff clay called Shilf, or Shale.

The peat is found lying upon a bed of shells and gravel: it is called by the country people *Fenny turf*, and is used for fuel. It differs very little from the peat dug out of pits, near the course of the river *Kennet* in *Berkshire.*

The branches of very large oak and other trees are found in many places, entire, and of a firm consistence: the smaller twigs, acorns, hazle nuts, and bark, also maintain their forms, but are friable; but the leaves are all completely decayed, so that the more solid parts lie imbedded in them. We saw one tree lying almost horizontally in the stratum, which measured nine or ten feet long, and was at least a foot in diameter.

A pretty severe blow with a sharp spade penetrated about three inches, within which the texture of the wood seemed not to have lost it's usual firmness. This curious production is of a light

redish colour, when first dug up; but immediately acquires a darker hue, upon being exposed to the air. This change is so striking, that the bright colour vanishes with as much celerity as breath evaporates from a polished surface.

The peat vegetates; but none of the other strata, above or below, appear to have any intermixture of vegetable matter. The horns of deer and other quadrupeds are found among the peat. —The idea of the tinners is—that the shells, trees, &c. were brought hither by the flood.

The native ore or tin, having been washed from the impurities of the soil, is carried in little carts, which the miners call *tuns*, to the stamping mills. It is there conducted, through a trough, under the cast-iron heads of large hammers, which rise and fall alternately; and, by this process, reduce the pebbles containing the ore to an impalpable powder, the particles of which are washed through a grating, in which the apertures are no larger than those of a nutmeg grater. The grosser

parts are again exposed to the force of the stamping hammers, and diluted with a greater quantity of water, until the whole is sufficiently reduced to pass through the grating. It is then conveyed to the Smelting-houses, passes through the furnace, is cast into large pieces, and sent to the towns called "Coinage Towns," or "Stannary Courts," to be stamped, weighed, &c. and afterwards exported. More business is now transacted at St. *Austle*, than at either of the other towns.

From hence we proceeded to the great mine at *Polgooth*, not far from that which we have just attempted to describe. This vast subterranean cavern is said to be one hundred and twenty fathoms deep.

The shafts where the miners descend, and by which the ore is raised to the surface, are scattered over an extent of sterile country; whose dreary appearance, and the sallow faces of the miners, concur to awaken the most dismal and gloomy ideas. But, though rugged the surface, the interior

is fraught with the richest treasures, "hid fast in the quarries, or sunk deep in the mines." Though withered the complexion and miserable the appearance of the human race, by their labours are the finest works of art brought to perfection, and their industry is a strong pillar of the state.

The descent into the mine is performed by means of ladders placed almost perpendicularly, so that it is a very dangerous passage. You are furnished with a suit of cloaths, adapted to the service you are about to engage in, upon signifying your intention to visit the interior of the mine; and are accompanied by a guide, who carries a light before you.

The damps of these subterraneous caverns are sometimes so baneful and offensive, that the stranger, unaccustomed to expeditions of this nature, is not unfrequently tempted to recede, rather than subject himself to their noxious effects.

We descended more than forty ladders, slippery with humidity; and some of them almost

worn out by the feet of the labourers, before we reached the deepest part of the mine.

At the foot of each ladder is a narrow pause, or landing-place; and, at certain intervals, are openings into different beds of ore. I did not learn, that there was any material difference between the quality of the tin dug in the lowest stratum, and that which is found nearer the surface; but the quantity of clay, spar, dross, mundic, &c. mixed with the ore, varies in different parts. Some specimens were shewn us, of a beautiful intermixture of copper, silver, and tin ore, with very brilliant and transparent spar.

Those who dig in these wretched and dismal excavations, are under the necessity of breathing so much impure air, that their health is speedily injured; and they die, at an early period, hectic or paralytic.

The wages paid for labour are, however, so considerable, that workmen are always to be met

with, ready to sacrifice their health and strength in these dark and gloomy mansions.

At about the depth of fifty or sixty feet below the surface, water begins to collect; percolating through the different strata. The lower parts of the mine would, of course, be overflowed by it, and the working of the ore completely obstructed, if it were not constantly carried off:—this process is now performed by an immense steam engine.

The very extraordinary size of this stupendous piece of mechanism, which is said to have cost twenty thousand pounds, induced me to make some enquiries respecting it's force, powers, and capacity.

I was informed, that the quantity of coal used to keep it in motion was seventy two bushels in twenty four hours. It raises sixty three gallons of water at every stroke, and performs fourteen of these motions every minute. The water thrown

out upon the surface, by means of this wonderful machine, runs off like a river; and, being conducted to the mine before described, under the name of the *Happy Union* or *Stream-mine*, is there made use of, to separate the ore from the soil, in the manner already mentioned.

There are two engines of this kind employed, during the wet seasons; but, in the summer, one only is found sufficient to carry off all the superfluous water: the quantity of which, upon an average, daily thrown out, according to the preceding calculation, must be upwards of nine hundred thousand gallons. But, notwithstanding the wonderful powers of the machine, the nicety of it's poize is so exactly regulated, and it's perfection so complete, that the slightest pressure made with the palm of the hand upon a sort of bolt or key attached to a large valve, immediately suspends the operation of the whole; which is again as instantly restored, upon the removal of the force applied.

After having contemplated the wonders around us, both of nature and art, until our surprise and admiration had given place to the less pleasing sensations of hunger and fatigue, we left the mine, and ascended once more into the chearful light of day; feeling all the fulness of that beautiful but figurative description of *Morell*, when he brings the merchant *Abudah* out of the belly of the mountains of *Tasgi*:—nor, could the astonished *Tasgites* (according to the same fable) have felt more wonder and amazement at the presence of their new sultan, when he came forth out of the bowels of the earth, than was impressed upon the countenances of some genteel travellers, who had just arrived at the shaft of the mine at *Polgooth*, when we emerged into day-light, in the grotesque habits with which the tinners had furnished us, covered with filth, dripping with moisture, and besmeared with all the various productions of the soil.

The labourers employed in the mines are usually exchanged at short intervals; it being ne-

cessary to their health, and indeed to their very existence, that they should emerge from the dele-terious humidity of these caverns, and breathe a purer air.

I now, for the first time, began to regret our having proceeded so slowly in the first part of our journey. We had occupied a greater proportion of time than we ought to have allowed, in viewing objects which, however interesting and deserving of attention, might, at any future period, have been as well examined.

We had deviated from the road, in various instances, to catch the transient glimpse of a distant prospect, or to gratify that ardent but useless curiosity which novelty frequently excites. We had passed whole days in fruitless enquiries after objects, which, in themselves, were of little or no importance: and now we had arrived at a spot which was truly interesting,—at a kind of new country of which we had previously formed no tolerable idea, and among a people whose customs

and manners afforded us a subject worthy of rational reflection, as highly different from every thing to which we had been accustomed,—and the time allotted for our tour was so nearly exhausted, that we were compelled to fly from these valuable treasures of real entertainment, and to leave them without the smallest probability of ever enjoying an opportunity of examining them with the precision they deserve.

The Miners seem to be, and indeed are, a race of men distinct from the common class of British subjects; they are governed by laws and customs almost exclusively their own; and wild as their native rocks, and rugged as the hordes of *Africa*, they are separated from the manners of modern improvement, and resemble the primitive possessors of an uncultivated soil, rather than kindred brethren of a great and enlightened nation.

What an instructive lesson does the conduct of these men teach to the restless and turbulent

spirit of factious inquietude! Remote from the advantageous influence of a Court, unbiassed by ministerial intrigues, subject to every hardship, and exempt from none of those evils, injuries and oppressions which the democracy of *England* lay so much stress upon,—the miners of *Cornwall* are loyal to their King. Have they not heard—have they not seen—factious men endeavouring to excite prejudices against the government of their country? Is their loyalty founded in ignorance? or will it be confessed—that it grows out of their security, and the impartial blessings which *even* these men exult in? Yes! they are loyal! loyal, in spite of the most active exertions of the disaffected: for we were credibly informed, that, even into the tin mines of these remote regions, have the emissaries of jacobinism been sent. The system of anarchy has been published here! the thunders of revolutionizing uproar have resounded in these caverns, and the empoisoned darts of antimonarchists, shot from the quiver of sedition by the bow of deceit, have penetrated even into the bowels of the earth.

The tree of *French liberty* will not take root: In more propitious climes, it withers; though nurtured by the blood of kings, and sheltered by the banners of republicanism. How then shall this tender plant be raised in a foreign soil? where the deadly influence of it's destructive poison is known to the rudest of the inhabitants, and where even the labourer of the mine reveres that sacred establishment which makes him feel it an honor to be a Briton.

CHAP. XXVII.

Dreary Country—St. Mewan Beacon—Roch Rock—Bodmin.

WHEN we had taken leave of our friendly tinners, who spared no pains nor withheld any information in their power to gratify our curiosity,—we mounted our horses and proceeded on our journey, over a vast uncultivated waste, full of craggy rocks, and deep *fossa* made by currents of water either evacuated from the mines or collected from small rills which here and there relieved the eye, by the verdure of their banks, from "the tedium of unvarying sterility."

We crossed one stream as white as milk, and very turbid; which no doubt was the water of the mine we had just before visited,—and, not many yards from it's course, another current as clear as crystal.

St. *Mewan Beacon*, a rocky eminence, scarcely accessible by reason of the irregularities of the ground, and the numerous fragments of rough stones with which it is surrounded, appeared on the left; and a little village, called *Trewan*, encouraged us to expect some kind of refreshment. Upon enquiry, however, not being able to find any house of public entertainment there, we were under the necessity of proceeding onward to *Roch*, where we reposed ourselves, and found such accommodations as have been described by *Pope;* for here we slept—

> " In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floor of plaister, and the walls of dung;
> On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw."

Fatigue, however, made us enjoy this homely shelter; we slept, and were thankful.

If we had not previously encountered the stormy night, the calm serenity of the following evening would have lost it's charms. The cottage at *Roch* was full of instruction. The homely fare,

the coarse reception, the bare shelter which it afforded us, awakened sentiments of commiseration for the wants of others; and gave us, in their example, a most impressive lesson on the blessings of contentment.

Fastidiousness is, too often, the traveller's bane. He sets forward with anxious expectation; and readily cherishes every flattering hope, which the gay, the volatile or the sanguine have held out to the ardour of his wishes. He sees no difficulties, he knows no interruption of his progress; the seasons, the weather, accidents and dangers are alike veiled even from his imagination. No storms affright him, and neither rocks nor mountains nor forests offer the smallest obstacles to his exploring perseverance.

He proceeds—confident of finding, in every town he comes to, courtesy—information—hospitality.—Innumerable obstacles are thrown in his way, his journey is perpetually retarded, the peculiar features of the country over which he travels

are disadvantageously exhibited; it's verdure is scorched by the summer's sun, or hidden in the winter's frost. Exposed to the bleak severity of the northern blast, stumbling in the dreary darkness of midnight, unsheltered from the bellowings of the tempest, and refused admittance by churlish inhospitality, he now feels himself remote, unfriended, melancholy, desolate,—wishes himself in the peaceful retirement of his domestic retreat, and, in the severity of disappointment, in the poignancy of vexation, arouses those harsher feelings of the mind by which he is incapacitated for future enjoyment.

Roch is a little village remarkable for an immense rock near it, which is composed of great blocks of a coarse kind of granite, heaped upon one another to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet. On the top of all, are the remains of a small square building, (apparently of no great antiquity,) which seems to have contained two apartments, one above the other. There is a gothic arch remaining: and, if I may hazard a conjecture, as to the purpose for which this addition to

the rock was made, I should presume, that it was designed either as a light-house or a place of security, from whence the large valley in which it stands might be easily and completely overlooked: and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because of the extent of country which the eye commands from it.

Another idea has, however, been started on this subject, viz. that it was one of the places of general rendezvous for the miners, when they assembled to fix the price of tin: but of this we have no account to be depended upon. They used, indeed, *Crockern Torr* for that purpose; but were always immediately adjourned, by the stewards, to one of the Stannary Towns.

Upon a mountainous eminence, at some distance westward, we could plainly distinguish the *Grampound* hills, and the sea beyond them: and, in another direction, looked entirely across the peninsula of *Cornwall*; and saw, at one view, St. *George's* and the *Bristol* Channel.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring village of *Roch* could not give us any account, either of the Rock or of the Ruin; further than—that the *Devil* had frequently made use of it as a kitchen, (when, I suppose, his *Satanic* Majesty happened to travel that road, and found himself as hungry as we had been at *Trewan*, without being able to procure any refreshment,) and—that some of his culinary utensils, vulgarly called—the *Devil's* dish and spoon, and crock and ladle, were still preserved on the very top of a steep pinnacle of the Rock.

It required no inconsiderable share of exertion, as well as activity, to examine these rarities; and it was with great difficulty, and some danger, that I climbed to the summit of the Rock, where a few shapeless grooves in the stone, formed by the dripping of rain water and the effect of the frost, were the only traces to be met with, in support of the legend. —It is not extraordinary, therefore, that the prince of darkness should have long since abandoned his dilapidated seat among the wilds of *Cornwall*, (where, if his provisions were of the same class as

his utensils, he must have been but scurvily entertained,) and removed to the more plenteous and inviting palaces, where luxury and intemperance court his presence and solicit him to reside.

About two miles from *Roch* Rock is a hill, with two circular valla; called, by the country people, *Castle Rings*.

The door of the Church being open, we went into it; but saw nothing remarkable, except an old grey bearded school-master, teaching a few boys in the Chancel, with his hat on.

A large open heath, whose surface is in some places broken by innumerable fragments of rocks and stones, and in others covered with furze and fern, brought us into the great road leading to *Bodmin*; towards which place we directed our course, but stopped for a few minutes about a mile from the town, to enjoy a prospect which extended as far as *Padstow-Harbour*, on the north side of the country.

Bodmin is but a mean ill-built town, having one long narrow street, and a few smaller streets or lanes branching out from it.

The site of the ancient Cathedral is not now to be discovered. The present Church is a handsome building, but destitute of monuments and every other indication of antiquity. It is kept, however, extremely clean, and the Church-yard as remarkably neat.

"Whilst *Folly* frequent boasts th' insculptur'd tomb,
By *Flatt'ry's* pen inscribed with purchas'd praise;
The rustic *Labour's* undistinguish'd doom,
Fond *Friendship's* hand records in humble phrase."

SCOTT.

"Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe;
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear."

The Sessions-House is a large decayed building, formed out of the ruins of an old Monastery; and, at the time we saw it, was full of potatoes.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Landedric — Gossmoor — Leskard — St. Neot's — The Hurlers.

LEAVING *Bodmin*, we deviated, by mistake, from the road leading to *Leskard*, and came into that which goes to *Lestwithiel*. Here we saw a noble mansion, called *Landedric*, standing in a park charmingly wooded; and surrounded with all the magnificent scenery of ancient grandeur.

> "Here aged elms, with awful bend,
> In long Cathedral walks extend."

The building is of stone, with battlements. The date, 1600, is over one of the doors; and, a few yards before the palisadoes, in front of the house, is a hexagon building, which appears to have been formerly a porter's lodge.

The house has more of the heavy solemnity of antiquity, than the comfortable airiness of modern elegance; and the garden is in the same formal style which has been humorously ridiculed by a celebrated poet.

> "Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other."

Landedric is said to have been founded in the time of the Saxons, as the name *Edric* seems to indicate; but at what particular æra is uncertain. It is now the property of the Earl of *Radnor*.

The road passes over a barren heath, within sight of more than thirty barrows; many of them of a very considerable size: but whether they contain the bones of "the mighty dead," or have been the common receptacles of undistinguished multitudes which have perished in the field of battle, I could not ascertain.—Two of the small tumuli, near the turning off of the road for *Boconnock*, exhibit the appearance of having been opened.

About two miles from *Leskard* we ascended an enormous hill, which afforded an extensive prospect of the heath we had lately travelled over, as far as the Rock at *Roch*, where it is called *Goss-moor*. It is every where extremely arid, and sprinkled thick with those stones with which the roads are chiefly made.

These stones either partake of the nature of granite or marble, but chiefly of the latter, which is, in some places, white almost to transparency: in others, veined or variegated, and always of adamantine hardness, so that a new set of horse-shoes were completely worn out in one day's journey.

The streets of *Leskard* are better built than those of *Bodmin*, but not better paved. The Market-House is supported by large pillars of granite. The Church, like that at *Bodmin*, is finished with great neatness, and kept in excellent repair; but it has neither monuments nor painted glass to allure the attention of the curious.

Near *Leskard* is a ruinous Church called St. *Neot's*: in which it is reported that King *Alfred* offered up solemn prayers, and was immediately recovered from a severe fit of sickness.

A few miles north-east of *Leskard* are some large stones called *The Hurlers*; supposed to have been either a Druidical Temple, or an ancient monument of some of the original inhabitants of *Britain*.

The country people relate—that these stones were once men; but transformed into their present torpid state by the Devil, because they played at ball on *Sunday*.

In a very distant part of *England* there is a tradition,—that a village Church, which stands in the most commodious situation for the access of the parishioners, as well as the most advantageous for it's external appearance,—was thrice attempted to have been founded on the top of a hill, about half a mile from it's present site; but that the De-

vil (who, in this particular instance, manifested a greater regard for the convenience of the inhabitants than they shewed for themselves) as many times removed the foundation to the spot on which it now stands: and, at last, the other parties concerned taking the hint, and, believing it would be ineffectual to oppose the will of so formidable an enemy, went on with the building, and completed the edifice without further interruption; yielding, to the wishes of their invisible opposer, what they had obstinately refused to the rational suggestions of common sense.

It is perhaps extremely difficult to trace the reason for many legends and superstitious customs, which are to be met with in remote parts of the kingdom: and I must confess myself entirely ignorant, why the Devil should have been so constantly implicated in every extraordinary appearance, with whose origin our forefathers were unacquainted.

Credulity is a deviation from the right use of judgment: it is like a soft substance with a smooth

surface, and yields to the first impression, whether good or bad, without the least resistance: or else, the ancient superstition of mankind would not have involved it's traditions in such palpable absurdities and manifest contradictions, as to make the author of all evil the punisher of licentiousness; and to represent him, one while engaged in the production of sublime and beautiful objects, and, at another time, correcting the slightest deviation from propriety, with all the severity of enthusiastic fervor.

CHAP. XXIX.

St. Germain's—The Cathedral—Names of the old Prelates—Hospitality at Port Eliot—Pictures—Anecdote of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Rembrant.

PASSING *Catesridge*, a neat well-finished house belonging to Mr. *Glanville*, we proceeded to St. *Germain's*, formerly a Bishop's See, but now a poor fishing place; and only remarkable for the remains of it's once splendid Church, and a modern seat of Lord *Eliot*, who resides here in all the hospitable magnificence of a British Peer, and extends, wide around him, the cheering hand of beneficence and philanthropy.

Two fine old towers, the one square, the other octagon, and both almost hidden by the ivy which surrounds them, present a venerable appearance of antiquity at the west end of the Church; and between these towers is a beautiful door-way, in the

most finished style of the saxon architecture, with a fine circular arch, highly ornamented.

This entrance opens into the gardens of Lord *Eliot.* The door by which the parishioners go to church, is on the south side of the edifice; and you descend to it by a very long flight of steps.

The arches in the inside are of the improved gothic form, but supported by saxon pillars. Near the west end is a very elegant font of white marble, presented by Lord *Eliot*, some of whose ancestors are interred here; and, among them, *Edward Eliot*, Esq. his Lordship's uncle. The figure, clad in a roman habit, is reclining on a couch; the right hand upon his heart, the left grasping a sword. His wife is seated in a posture of contemplation near him, with a book in her hand. Two cherubs, in the back ground, hold a medallion of a lady and the figure of an hour glass. This gentleman had two wives; *Susan*, daughter of Sir *William Coryton*, of *Newton-Ferrars*, Bart. and *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *James Craggs*, Esq. Near the mo-

nument hang two helmets, two banners, with the family arms and a gauntlet. The crest, an elephant's head, is attached to one of the helmets.

The families of *Moyle*, *Blake*, *Trevanion*, and *Scawen*, are also buried here.

On a white marble tablet, in memory of *Elizabeth*, the wife of *John Glanville*, Esq. are the following lines.

" While faithful earth doth thy cold relics keep,
And, soft as was thy nature, is thy sleep,
Let here the pious humble place above,
Witness an husband's grief, an husband's love;
Grief that no rolling years can e'er efface,
And love that only with himself must cease:
And let it bear for thee this real boast—
'Twas he who knew thee best, that lov'd thee most!"

There is a very handsome inlaid pulpit; and, in the windows of the north aisle, are a few coats of arms in painted glass.—In the south aisle is the Bishop's throne; and, at the west end of the body of the Church, the following inscription.

"In this Church presided, over the Diocese of *Cornwall*, the following Bishops, stiled Bishops of St. *Germain's*, who continued here till near thirty years before *William* the Conqueror's time: when the See was removed to *Exeter*, and both Dioceses of *Devonshire* and *Cornwall* united.

St. Patroc,	*Wolfs,*
Athelstan,	*Woronus,*
Conanus,	*Wolnius,*
Ruidocus,	*Stidio,*
Aldredus,	*Aldredus,*
Budovicus,	*Barnoldus.*"
Athelstan,	

Godwin observes, in his Commentaries,—"*Athestano Cornubiensi Antistiti (á Plegmundo Archiepiscopo sacrato) sedes Cathedralis in ecclesiâ sancti Petroci priarem constituti est Bodminæ, postea vero ad sancti Germani translata. Werstanus vero Devoniensibus præsul designatus Tawtoniæ premium consedit, mor Creditorum engravit, que hodie vulgo Kirton, Athelstani sue cessores Cornubiorum Episcopi hic traduntur extitific.*"

It is much to be regretted, that only a dry catalogue of the names of these Prelates is pre-

served: and yet, even that "frail memorial" bespeaks the pious recollection of grateful minds.

The cultivation of national biography, (which is the corrector of history,) is attended with such advantages, that the negligence of our forefathers in this respect, is seriously to be lamented.

When we read the histories of distinguished persons, who have left behind them noble and illustrious examples for imitation, and names deserving of the reverence of posterity; we must be completely lost to every sentiment of laudable ambition, if we do not sigh for a more perfect history of those ancient worthies, who have

.... "blest mankind
With arts and arms; and humaniz'd a world."

That glorious and immortal band who have asserted the rights of their fellow subjects in the cabinet, and died for them in the field!—Those who, by the invention and encouragement of arts and commerce, have improved and civilized our manners!—Those who, by examples of piety and vir-

tue, have promoted the interests, and assisted in the establishment of our most holy religion!—Those who, by a watchful attention to the welfare of their country, have remained uncorrupted by the dazzling influence of ambition, unprejudiced by party, and immovably loyal, amid the attacks of the venal and the base, in an abandoned age,—have contributed towards the peace and happiness, the order and good government of society,—These deserve the name of *Patriots;* and their characters will devolve to the latest ages, with distinguished lustre and deserved gratitude.

> "Their bodies are buried in peace,—but their name liveth for evermore."

We were received with great politeness and urbanity, by the noble proprietor of *Port Eliot;* and passed the day there in a most agreeable manner.

The house is large, convenient, and pleasant; and a magnificent gallery has been erected by Lord *Eliot*, for the reception of a fine collection of old paintings, which were found in the Abbey of St. *Germain's*, at the Reformation. They are on scripture subjects, and in good preservation.

The family pictures deserve to be particularized; as well on account of the merits of the execution, as the care and propriety with which they are arranged.

There is an old half-length figure, over the chimney in the library, done for Sir *John Eliot*, in the year 1632, a few days before his death, which happened in the Tower of *London*; where he was confined, and treated with the utmost rigor and barbarity. He is depicted with a starved countenance, and meagre figure; has on, a coarse linen combing gown, and a small tooth comb in his hand, supposed to be intended to express the hardships to which he was reduced in his confinement.

This room contains a very large and valuable collection of books, which seem to have been, not only well selected, but much used: and there is a picturesque view of *Landrake* Church from the windows.

In the Saloon—is the only original painting now in *England*, and perhaps extant, of the celebrated *John Hampden*, dated 1643.

2 Cardinal *Bentivoglio.*

3 Mr. *Locke*, 1697.

4 Major-General *Richards*, blown up at *Alicant*,—second brother to Mrs. *Craggs*.

5 Mrs. *Craggs*, wife of Postmaster-General *Craggs*, 1717.

6 Postmaster-General *Craggs*, 1717.

7 ——— *Richards*, Esq. eldest brother of Mrs. *Craggs*; by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

8 Brigadier-General *Richards*, youngest brother of Mrs. *Craggs*, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, 1720.

9 The Right Honorable *James Craggs*, Secretary of State, son of Postmaster-General *Craggs*, 1718.

10 Mrs. *Hesther Booth*.

11 Mrs. *Eliot*, youngest daughter of *James Craggs*, senior, Esq. 1723,

12 Lady *Cotton*, second daughter of *James Craggs*, sen. Esq.

In the Anti-Room.

His Royal Highness *Frederick*, Prince of *Wales*.

Her Royal Highness *Augusta*, Princess of *Wales*.

The Honorable Mrs. *Eliot*, afterwards Mrs. *Hamilton*, 1727.

A capital picture of *Lipsius Grotius* and the two *Rubens's*.

In the Dining-Room.

1 *John Eliot*, son and heir of *Edward Eliot*, Esq of *Cotelands*, 1574.

2 *Richard Eliot*, Esq.

3 Sir *John Eliot*, Knt. son and heir of *Richard*, 1628.

4 *John Eliot*, Esq. son and heir of Sir *John*, 1664.

5 *Daniel Eliot*, Esq. his son, 1687.

6 *Edward Eliot*, Esq. first cousin, once removed, and heir by will of *Daniel*, 1719.

7 *James Eliot*, Esq. his son, 1734.

8 *Richard Eliot*, Esq. his uncle, and heir of *James*, 1742.

9 The Right Honorable *Edward Eliot Craggs*, Lord *Eliot*, of *Port Eliot*, Receiver-General of the Dutchy Court of *Cornwall*, 1783.

In another Room.

The Honorable Captain *Hamilton*, father of the Marquis of *Abercorn*, painted for the *Kit-Kat* Club, a famous society, established early in the present century, and consisting of about thirty noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished for their taste, learning, and attachment to the protestant succession in the house of *Hanover*.

Mrs. *Trevannion*, 1750.

We were much pleased with an admirable groupe of eleven figures, (the portraits of *Richard Eliot*, Esq. *Harriot* his wife, and their children, with Mrs. *Goldsworthy* and the Honorable Captain *Hamilton*,) done in 1746, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; and which, Lord *Eliot* assured me, was the first groupe which that admired painter ever attempted.

It is particularly remarkable, that, while so many fine performances of that great master are

fading almost visibly before us, this still retains it's colours in all their pristine beauty. How greatly is it to be regretted, that Sir *Joshua* ever went abroad, to learn the art of spoiling his own paintings. I believe very few have been executed by him, since that period, which retain their colouring; and I am informed, that, in the gallery of painters at *Florence*, to which so many moderns sent their own portraits, that of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, which was esteemed a most striking likeness, is now scarcely to be traced upon the canvass.

There is an incomparable picture of the two misers; in which it is very evident, that the best of the two heads has been cut out of some other piece, and the drapery and accompaniments afterwards added.

Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, whose intimate acquaintance with the characteristic features of the art rendered him most undoubtedly an excellent judge, has not scrupled to declare his conviction, that the head before-mentioned is the work of *Quintus Ma-*

ceus, (by whom that deservedly celebrated picture of the misers at *Hampton Court* was done;) and that he was equally certain of the other head and the drapery being the work of *Rembrant*; who stands thus accused of having stolen the former from one of *Quintin Metcy's* best pictures, and to have passed it off as his own performance.

CHAP. XXX.

Voyage to the Eddistone.

WE took leave of *Port Elliot* with some regret, and crossed the water to *Plymouth Dock*, with an intention of making an excursion up the *Tamar* the next day: but, having been much solicited to accompany a party to see the *Eddistone* Light-house, the ingenious work of the great *Smeaton*, we preferred the latter, and postponed the former plan to a future opportunity.

The party who seduced us from our original design consisted of three gentlemen and two ladies, who were rash enough to determine upon accompanying their husbands in a mad, hazardous, and dangerous expedition.

I have not been a great friend to aquatic excursions, since I was driven under the keel of a

Russian trader in the *Thames*, a few years ago, and compelled to haul myself on board by a rope: and this last voyage has, I believe, cured me of any inclination to signalize myself as a navigator.

The sea was very rough when we went on board a little vessel hired for the purpose at *Crimble Ferry*: and, before we got out of the harbour, the wind blew with so much vehemence, that I endeavoured to convince the company of the impossibility of landing at the *Eddistone*, even if the surge should allow us to get out to sea. They were all so determined, however, upon braving the united opposition of wind and water, particularly one of the ladies, that my proposition to return was negatived without a division. It would have been as easy to calm the roaring of the ocean, or sooth the violence of the wind, as to argue my companions out of their opinion,—that the weather would clear up, and that we should have a pleasant voyage back. I wrapped myself, therefore, in my cloak, and waited the issue of our imprudence, not indeed with patience, but at least with composure.

The wind increased: the waves, with repercussive violence, dashed against the vessel, and covered us with foam; while the utmost exertions of the crew could scarcely manage the sails. We made but small progress; and I began to think, that the perverseness of the weather and of our own tempers, acting in direct opposition to each other, would probably keep us in this state of perturbation and uncertainty, for the remainder of the day; when the wind suddenly shifted about, and drove us out to sea, with the impetuosity of a hurricane.

The Company, who before had not in the smallest degree wavered from their resolution to proceed, and, in spite of sea-sickness, had seemed to defy the efforts of any elemental combination whatever, no sooner found themselves driven before the wind, with such violence as to make it more than probable either that we should overshoot our mark and pass the light-house, without being able to land, or that if we did effect a landing, our return would be protracted beyond the

limits of the day, than they with one voice began to murmur at their ill-fortune, as they called it; but never once accused themselves of the real cause of their present distress; which was occasioned entirely by an obstinate and groundless belief, that the prognostic of the boat-men, at our setting out, must inevitably be fulfilled.

To cut short the story:—we were driven about two leagues out to sea—passed the foot of the *Eddistone*, without a possibility of landing; and the ladies verily believed that we should soon find ourselves on the coast of *France*.——Recourse would now have been had to the brandy-bottle, but alas! no such provision had been thought of; and we were all wet with the salt-water, but not one of the gentlemen besides myself was provided with a boat-cloak—in short, few situations could have been more distressing, and few persons could less deserve commisseration.

We had now no prospect on any side, but of the fiercely contending winds and waves.

"Quocunque aspicias, nihil est nisi *pontus* et *aer*:
"Nubibus hic tumidus; fluctibus ille minax."

OVID.

Towards evening, and not before, the wind began to abate, and we immediately tacked about; but our rigging having been much damaged by the storm—we could proceed but very slowly, and it was dark when we passed the *Eddistone*, at which my companions had no inclination to go ashore.

All the description, therefore, which we could give of this celebrated work of ingenuity, from occular demonstration would amount to this,—That it is a high stone tower, standing upon a little insulated rock, at the mouth of *Plymouth Sound*:—that it is broadest at the base, and gradually contracts to the top, where the light of large fires is reflected by mirrours, for the security of ships coming in or going out of port.

The great name of *Smeaton*, however, wants not the futile assistance of casual travellers to sup-

port it's fame. It's praises shall live in the grateful acknowledgements of thousands, who owe their lives to his industry and acquirements—while, through succeeding ages, Philosophers shall regard this stupendous work with becoming admiration of his wonderful mechanic skill.

It was near twelve o'clock at night when we landed at *Plymouth*, and mutually dissatisfied with our voyage, and with each other gladly separated for repose.

CHAP. XXXI.

Sail up the Tamar—Cothele-Manſion—Antiquities.

OUR last adventure did not at all discourage me from my proposed excursion up the *Tamar*, nor prevent my making a proper distinction between the adventurous temerity of a nautical expedition in a fishing-boat upon the *Channel*, and the smooth motion and perfect safety of a barge, upon a fresh-water river. I embarked, therefore, with very different sensations from those which I experienced the day before; and glided softly over the water, with all that cheerfulness and pleasure, with which fine weather, a fresh breeze and agreeable company naturally inspire one.

The serpentine course of the River, and it's irriguous banks, agreeably diversified with a variety of interesting objects, made the scene truly delightful:—and if we had not been very anxious to visit the old Mansion of *Cutell*, and under a positive necessity of pursuing our journey without

further delay, I should have taken great pleasure in extending my voyage higher up the country.

Our kind conductors here set us on shore, on the *Cornwall* side of the River, where we found our horses waiting for us, and immediately proceeded to *Cutell* House.

Cutell, *Cothele* or *Cuttayle*, is an ancient seat of the *Edgcumbe* family, situated not far from the Western bank of the River *Tamar*.

Carew, in his "Survey of *Cornwall*," says, "A mile above *Halton* standeth *Cuttayle*, from the French Courtaile, in English *short-cut;* for the salt water course is here straightened by the incroaching banks. The buildings are ancient, large, strong, and *fair*, and appurtenanced with the necessities of wood, water, fishing, parks, and mills, with the devotion of (in times past) a rich furnished Chapel, and with the charity of Alms-houses, for certain poor people, whom the owners used to relieve.

"It is reported and credited thereabouts how Sir *Richard Edgcombe* the elder was driven to hide

himself in those his thick woods, which over-look the river; being suspected of favouring the Earl of *Richmond's* party, against King *Richard* the 3d. Being hotly pursued and narrowly sought, he put a stone in his cap, and tumbled it into the water, whilst these Rangers were close at his heels; who looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swimming thereon, supposed he desperately drowned himself, and gave over their farther pursuit. Thus they left him at liberty to shift away, and ship over into *Britany;* for a grateful remembrance of which delivery, he afterwards builded, in the place of his lurking, a chapel not yet decayed."

However "*fair*" Mr. *Carew* might consider the Buildings at *Cutell*, they do not at present appear, at least in my opinion, to deserve that epithet. A small court yard is enclosed with an old irregular stone building, the windows of which are small, narrow, and darkened with iron gratings. The entrance is by a low door-way; and few of the rooms are even of a commodious size,—none of them large.

The Antiquity of the furniture is a subject of general curiosity; most of it having (it is said) remained in the house from the days of Queen *Elizabeth*:—but some alterations were made in the buildings about the year 1627, as appears from that date being carved in stone over the gateway.

We were conducted into a large hall, against the walls of which are ranged various weapons and implements of war, and some natural curiosities well deserving of attention—such as

Two Antelope's Heads,
Two Unicorns' Horns,
Elephants' Tusks,
The Horns of a large Stag:

There are, also, Belts, Bows, Horns, Helmets, Battle-axes, Halberts, Shields, Gauntletts, Breast-plates, Daggers, Cross-bows, long-barreled Pistols ancient Fowling-pieces, Spears, Muskets, Blunderbusses, Basket-hilt Swords, and one with a wavy or serpentine blade, marked with the name of *Antonio Carualho.*

A Hook used by the Cavalry, to pull men off their horses—and many circular Shields, embossed and painted with different devices. The umbo of one or two of them beautifully studded.

This Armour was most probably collected chiefly from the ruins of the *Spaniſh Armada*, which being wrecked and destroyed off this coast, afforded an excellent opportunity to the curious of preserving an interesting and valuable selection of these instruments of cruelty and death.

> " Let me wander in the Hall,
> Round whose antique visag'd wall
> Hangs the Armour, *Briton's* wore,
> Rudely cast, in days of yore."

In the windows are some coats of arms of the family of *Cothale* or *Cutell*; and at one end of the hall is a complete figure of a little man, armed cap-a-pie.

The Chairs are most curiously carved and ornamented; having triangular seats and three legs.

The stair-case goes up out of the hall, and conducts you through a stone door-case into a chamber, with Turkey worked bed furniture, deeply fringed with silk of various colours, and tapestry hangings. In this room King *Charles* the second slept for a few nights.

In another bed-chamber, we were shewn a *Saxon* Sword, about two feet long, with a broad blade; some old Books, and among them *Gibson's* "Historia Cathedralium," and a manuscript music book with the date 1556.

Descending into another apartment, by several steps of Granite or Moor Stone, we saw an old Sopha, covered with embroidery; several antique chairs of ebony, rudely carved; and a pair of ornamented brass Dogs, upwards of four feet in height.

On the backs of two of the Chairs are brass plates, thus inscribed:—

"ON TUESDAY AUGUST 25th. 1789;

"HIS MAJESTY KING *GEORGE* THE 3d. HONOURED THIS OLD MANSION WITH HIS PRESENCE, AND SATE IN THIS CHAIR, WHILE HE CONDESCENDED TO TAKE A BREAKFAST WITH THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF *MOUNT EDGCUMBE.*

"THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS AUGUSTA AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH ALSO HONOURED THEM AT THE SAME TIME, WITH THEIR PRESENCE."

"ON TUESDAY AUGUST 25. 1789;

"HER MAJESTY QUEEN *CHARLOTTE* HOHOURED THIS OLD MANSION WITH HER PRESENCE, AND SATE IN THIS CHAIR, WHILE SHE CONDESCENDED TO TAKE A BREAKFAST WITH THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF *MOUNT EDGCUMBE.*"

There is also preserved a rich Cabinet, with a fine painting of the Adoration, dated 1589.

Old pewter Waiters, with the *Edgcumbe* arms.

A drinking Horn, tipped with silver, preserved ever since the feudal times.

A large brass Dish.

The Chapel is small and damp—the windows are of painted glass, but in very bad repair.

The Altar furniture is still perfect—one set of hangings are of fine black cloth, on which is embroidered, in gold, the figure of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, and several coats of arms in gold and purple. Another set is very magnificent, being of royal purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and sprinkled all over with Fleur-de-lis in silver,—and in stalls the figures of the twelve Apostles:—the very hair is so exactly imitated as to resemble the life in a remarkable degree.

Lord *Edgcumbe's* bed-chamber opened into the Chapel, by one window, behind the tapestry hangings,—and by another, into the great Hall.

The Master of the Family, who, in former days, used to retire into his closet more frequently then at present, had thus the satisfaction of hearing

the services of Religion performed, without being observed by any of those whose attention might have been diverted from their duty by his presence —and an opportunity of seeing how his guests were served, when he had withdrawn from their company.

The former is now, I fear, almost entirely neglected; and the latter left to the Butler and Footman.

In a room, hung with tapestry, representing a battle in the early ages of the Roman History, is a crimson cloth bed; and in the next apartment is Tapestry, with the figures of Dogs of different kinds.

On the Stair-case, is an old Painting of Sir *Thomas Cutell*, and another of Queen *Elizabeth*, with two rings, on the right thumb and little finger of her left hand.

In the last room which we were shewn, the Tapestry has two good figures of *Romulus* and

Remus. The Chairs are of Ebony, covered with horse-hair, and leather seats. A Cabinet, with innumerable figures carved in wood, said to be of greater antiquity than any other article of furniture in this curious collection.

The Stools are covered with silk cushions of patch-work, and the Tables with Turkey carpeting. A small Cabinet, inlaid with ivory and ebony. A Fire-screen, of patch-work of different coloured silks, and the figures of a Man and Woman in satin.

The Window-shutters are of oak, made very clumsily. The Doors, implated with iron and studded with large nails, are so ponderous, that they tumble upon their rude and massive hinges, and greet the strangers approach in thunder.

The principal part of the Furniture of the house, seems (as I said before) to be of no higher antiquity than Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, or, at every

event, not farther back than that of King *Henry* the 8th, excepting, perhaps, one of the Cabinets, and the Chairs in the Hall.

In the garden, are some of the largest Yew trees in *England*.

CHAP. XXXII.

Hengesdown—Historical Anecdote—Maristow—Buckland-Monachorum——Lord Heathfield's Monument—Curiosities at Buckland Abbey—British Security.

AT *Hengesdown*, near *Kellington*, a few miles distant from *Cutele* and *Tavistock*, King *Egbert* defeated an Army, which had been raised in order to destroy the power of the Saxons; who, having neglected the care of their Marine, had left their forcibly-acquired territories entirely to the hostile attacks of every foreign Invader, who might have boldness enough to venture across an ocean, the navigation of which was then but little understood.

The Danes, a ferocious and warlike people, having effected a landing in *Devonshire*, were soon joined by the Britons in those parts; who, grown discontented with the Saxon power, originally

founded on the ruins of their own liberties, were very ready and desirous to deprive these their natural enemies of their unjustly usurped possessions. But, history informs us, that the united efforts of the ancient inhabitants of this Country, and of their formidable allies, were insufficient to regain their former authority; for, we are told, that *Egbert*, the Saxon monarch, totally defeated them, at the battle of *Kellington*,—at once establishing his own power, and crushing every hope of the vanquished *Britons*.

From *Cutell* we directed our course towards the Bridge which crosses the *Tamar*, and connects the Counties of *Devon* and *Cornwall*.

The scenery here is picturesque and unusual. The River flows rapidly between two high banks, one of them rough with the scoriæ of the Mines, and with loose stones and tufts of heath—the other feathered with a sloping wood down to the water's edge.

Ascending the opposite hill, we turned to the right, and took a transient view of Mr. *Heywood's* Mansion at *Maristow*, on the eastern bank of the river *Tavy*, which greatly contributes to the beauty of the grounds.

From *Maristow* we rode to *Buckland-Monachorum*, and visited the Church there, which is a small inelegant building.

At the east end of the south aisle is the monument of the late brave, amiable, and illustrious Lord *Heathfield*.

It is of white marble, beautifully polished, and executed by *John Bacon*, R. A. 1795.

At the top is a Medallion of the venerable old warrior,—below *Britannia* holding the model of the gate of a fortress, inscribed "*plus ultra*," —and a boy, with a key and palm branch, holding a shield.

Four bass reliefs (two on each side) represent—

1*st*. A piece of Ordnance, with a match lighted.

2*d*. A Furnace for heating red-hot shot—Cannons—Culverins, &c.

3*d*. Lord *Heathfield* directing military operations.

4*th*. Floating Batteries on fire, and the drowning Sailors rescued from the waves.

The whole is completed in a most superb and masterly manner; and the inscription by whomsoever penned is answerable to the sculpture.

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOT, BARON HEATHFIELD OF GIBRALTAR, KNIGHT OF THE BATH, GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AND GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR.

"He was the seventh son of Sir *Gilbert Elliot*, Bart. of *Stobs* in the County of *Roxburgh* in *Scotland*.

The UNIVERSITY of LEYDEN enriched his mind with science, and formed his taste for literature, and the polite arts. The bias of his Genius soon inclined him to the profession of Arms, in which, he rose by regular gradations to the highest eminence, and at length, closed a brilliant career, WITH IMMORTAL GLORY.

"GERMANY beheld him in the war of seven years discharging all the duties of a gallant Officer.

"The BRITISH CAVALRY owed to him a system of Discipline that made them THE PRIDE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

"THE HAVANNAH, the Metropolis of the Island of CUBA, saw him among the officers, who levelled her boasted fortifications, and conquered by their valour.

"GIBRALTAR was reserved, to crown him with unfading Laurels: though closely pressed during a siege that lasted three years without intermission, he remained invincible. The spectacle which he there exhibited to the eyes of FRANCE and SPAIN and to an Amphitheatre of PRINCES who beheld the glorious scene, will be an eternal memorial of BRITISH COURAGE and BRITISH HUMANITY.

"General *Elliot* derived no hereditary honours from his Ancestors—his Titles were earned by SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY.

" He married *Ann Pollexen Drake*, Daughter of Sir *Francis Drake* Baronet, who lies interred near this spot, and by her left a Daughter married to *J. Trayton Fuller* Esq. and an only Son now LORD HEATHFIELD who has erected this monument to the Virtue which he admired.

" HISTORY WILL TELL THE REST.

" He died *July* 6th. 1790 aged 72 years."

Below are the family Arms.

Near the last is a small neat Monument, with the figure of Truth leaning over an urn and decorating it with a chaplet of flowers.

The Inscription is as follows:—

" In a vault beneath are interred the remains of Sir *Francis Henry Drake*, Bart. of *Buckland* Abbey in the County of *Devon*. He died on the 9th of *Feb*. 1794 aged 70 years.

" His descent was illustrious, being lineally descended from the great Naval Warrior of the 16th century. His natural and acquired endowments were such, that, had the strength of his constitution been equal to the

powers of his mind, he might justly have aspired to the first offices of the state. He was Clerk Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth in the reigns of their Majesties King *George* the second, and King *George* the third; and for more than twenty years immediately preceding his death, was Master of the King's Household.—The duties of which stations he discharged with fidelity to the King, and honour to himself.

"In testimony of the respect due to his memory—his Nephew, the right honourable *Francis Augustus*, Lord *Heathfield*, Baron of *Gibraltar* caused this monument to be erected.

We find by this Inscription that the Biographical Dictionaries have propagated a mistake, by asserting that Sir *Francis Drake*, the Circumnavigator, had no issue.

There are several monumental stones in the pavement, bearing the name of *Crimes*—one of that family being Patron of the Church: and in some of the windows remain a few coats of arms, in stained glass, and small fragments of drapery and figures of the same.

The Roof of the building is supported by Gothic pillars of granite. In the Belfrey there are some quaint verses about swearing, and wearing spurs.

The remains of *Buckland* Abbey, which have been converted into a Mansion-house are at no great distance from this Church.

In the Hall we were shewn some grotesque figures, carved and painted about the joists, that support the ceiling, upon which is the date 1576.

An original portrait of Sir *Francis Drake*, Anno Dom. 1594, *ætatis suæ* 53, and a framed copy of his Patent of Arms from Queen *Elizabeth*, dated 1581.

There are likewise portraits of Mr. and Mrs. *Pollexen* of *Nutwell* near *Exeter*: a good painting of the Resurrection of *Lazarus*, and a whole length of Sir *Francis Drake*.

The Sword of this great man, together with an old Drum, which circuited the world with him, are still preserved in the house.

There are no apartments worth describing, and the grounds exhibit a melancholy appearance of neglect and want of management.

The Abbey was founded in the reign of King *Edward* the first, for Monks of the Benedictine order.

Proceeding over *Roborough* Down, in our return to *Plymouth*, we passed several Regiments, drawn up at a grand field-day, and had the pleasure of seeing some hundreds of *Britannia's* hardy sons, in a high state of discipline as Soldiers.

My mind dilated with infinite satisfaction at this noble scene—the spot we were upon commanded a view of the Sea, and a Fleet was in sight.

Hail, happy land! thy Navy flushed with conquest, unrivalled both in courage and in discipline laughs at the menances of foreign foes; while the bravery of thy domestic forces, the valour of thy Militia, the spirit of thy Yeomanry, the loyalty of thy Volunteers effectually secure, within this insular domain, the common peace of all thy subjects—protect in safety that sacred Head, and those mild and equitable Laws which are the Pride, the Glory, and the Boast of *Britons!*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Road to Saltram — House — Gardens — Remark — Dairy House — Ivy-Bridge — The Church — Evening Walk, and Sun-setting.

TAKING the *London* Road from *Plymouth* Town, and passing several lanes tinged with *copperas*, which abounds in the stones about this neighbourhood, a very dusty and uneven way conducted us to the entrance of Lord *Boringdon's* noble Mansion at *Saltram*.

The river *Plym* rushes under the arches of a long narrow bridge, just at the entrance of the grounds, which it embraces on the north-west side until is falls into the Sea.

Not far from the western bank of this river, at a turning of the road, is a Cottage most picturesquely situated. It stands at the foot of a

prodigious acclivity, on the verge of a large slate quarry, which has been formed into a plantation of fir trees. And on the brow of the Promontory behind it, is a well-adapted prospect-house of grey stone, which commands a view of the river to it's termination in the Ocean.

At *Saltram* there is a very agreeable variety of hill and valley, every where adorned with noble plantations.

The House is a modern edifice of considerable size, built on an eminence which commands a view of several pleasing and picturesque objects towards the west, particularly *Mount Edgcumbe* House, embosomed among the most beautiful trees with which taste and time have enriched that charming spot.

Saltram was fitted up by *John Parker*, the first Lord *Boringdon*, with infinite splendour, and at an immense expence:—the furniture is scarcely equalled in the most magnificent palaces.

The principal suit of rooms consist of a drawing room, dining room, and card room, opening into one another, and the greatest taste has been exerted to adorn them with the costliest productions of art.

The looking-glasses are the largest in England, —the lustres superb beyond comparison—the ceilings are finished in the most beautiful manner, and the floors adorned with the richest carpets.

Among a great variety of valuable paintings, too numerous to be described in detail,—one—of the meeting of *Edgar* and *Elfrida* (the subject of which has been already mentioned, in our account of the neighbourhood of *Tavistock*) surpasses commendation; and I am tempted to think it one of the first productions of the pencil.

There is a magnificent Stair case, ornamented with several capital Pictures; and a very superb suit of rooms in the first story.

The Library contains an interesting collection of books, and by favour of the present noble Possessor I was indulged with the sight of an admirable collection of Drawings and Sketches, by some of the first masters, which his Lordship has collected in his travels, with equal industry and judgment.

The easy deportment of this young Nobleman, whose sauvity of manners and unaffected generosity add lustre to his exalted station, cannot be forgotten by one who professes to include in this account of his tour, not merely a dry catalogue of names and places, but a true and faithful history of the ideas presented to his mind during an excursion which afforded him so many opportunities of observing the varieties of temper, conduct and disposition; as well as the appearances of Nature and of Art.

The gardens at *Saltram* present a variety of scenery which surprises at the same time that it

delights the eye.—The Trees covered with foliage, exuberant as that which characterizes the primeval occupiers of the forest, here wave their luxuriant branches on the verge of the sea shore; and form a beautiful contrast to the arid unprolific soil of the *Cornish* coast, where nothing but the diminutive samphire is found, to vary the surfaces of craggy, dismal coloured rocks.

"Here ev'ry tree with Nature's music rings,
Here ev'ry breeze bears health upon it's wings."

The Kitchen-gardens are of very great extent, and furnished with hot-houses, remarkably well disposed and regulated.

The Creeping Cereus *(Cactus flagelliformis)* grows here to a gigantic size, trailing it's monstrous branches many yards in length. This curious and beautiful plant, which is a native of the western continent of *America*, is said, first to have attained it's perfection in this Country, in the botanical garden, at *Kew*. The plants, however,

at *Saltram* may vie in elegance and size with any which the English climate has produced.

Contiguous to the grounds is a neat Dairy-house, and place of entertainment for those who are induced by business or curiosity to visit these parts. It is sheltered by luxuriant Elms, and possesses such comfortable accommodations that it is become a place of great resort on holidays, for the inhabitants of *Plymouth*, and the neighbouring Towns, who frequently spend their evenings here, in parties of pleasure.

We pursued the road to *Exeter*, and passed two or three small Rivers, which run with considerable rapidity from among the rocky eminences of *Dart-moor* and hasten to the sea; and enjoyed a most sensible pleasure by devoting a whole day to the beautiful scenery of *Ivy-Bridge*.

This little Village is fifteen miles from *Plymouth*. There is a commodious Inn situated most romantically upon the banks of the river *Arm* or

Aune, which rushes with furious impetuosity over vast pebbles and fragments of rock, that break it's rapid course into ten thousand eddies, and cover it with foam.

The place derives it's name from a Bridge of one arch, formed partly by the native rocks, a few yards distant from the Inn. This romantic structure is covered with ivy and overshadowed with trees.

The sides of the Valley, whose bottom is occupied by the stream, rises abruptly to a prodigious elevation. Part of the eastern bank is formed into a kitchen garden, for the Inn, and disposed in terraces which afford a pleasing view of several objects highly beautiful and striking. The opposite hill rises with more sullen grandeur—great part of it being covered with a venerable wood, through which the river takes it's descent.

A little rustic Church, embosomed in a thicket, and rendered still more solemn by the distant murmurings of the river, deserves the attention of those who have a taste for genuine simplicity.

There they may tread the consecrated ground, where no vain pomp of funereal distinction records the arrogance of the proud, nor insults the veracity of recollection, by undeserved panegyric. No gorgeous sepulchre, in this sequestered spot, displays the boast of ancestry, nor gilded trophies decorate the Warrior's Tomb:—here

> "Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
> * * * * * * * * * *
> Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
> If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
> Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."
>
> GRAY.

The inside of this edifice is equally simple as it's exterior. The votive incense of unaided devotion ascends pure and unmixed, before HIM

who is "*no respecter of persons, and who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.*"

" Let the proud fane, on lofty columns rise,
Spread wide it's base; and pierce superior skies.
Let *Rome*, or *Mecca*, costly incense bring,
'Tis from the Heart, oblations grateful spring:
Be mine the task, (nor fear I flaunting scorn!)
To guide the rustic and the lowly born:
Then start not, Reader! at my humble state,
If at *this altar* zeal and truth await."

We traversed the Wood by a winding path which brought us to a lofty eminence, from whence we looked down over an extent of varied scenery which made the head even giddy with the sight.

The mountainous precipices towards the north soared with horrific majesty into the clouds; while, on the south and west, the view is only bounded by the expansive ocean.

The Sun, burnishing the horizon with it's declining rays, beautifully contrasted the blue hills with streaks of gold and purple:—the feathered

songsters of the grove attuned their warbling lays, in choral sweetness, and sung a requiem to departing day; and gentle Zephyrs wafted to us, with their balmy wings, the cheering fragrance of *Flora's* favorite train.

Can scenes, like these, fail to affect a mind not totally absorbed in the vortex of giddy pleasure?

"When Heav'n and Earth, as if contending, vie,
To raise his being, and serene his soul,
Can *Man* forbear to join the gen'ral smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his heart,
While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
Is melody?"

The lengthened shadows acquired a darker hue, as the grey twilight approached; and the profound silence of Evening, was only interrupted by the gentle rustling of the cooling breeze, and the hoarser murmurs of the stream, toward which we bent our course.

The river *Aune* or *Arm* has it's origin among

the Rocks of the forest of *Dartmoor*, from whence, in a direction rather inclining to the west, it rushes forwards with great impetuosity to the sea.

Before it arrives at the Village of *Ivy-Bridge*, the descent through the wood forms a variety of cataracts, among huge masses of rock, which interrupt the regular course of the stream. The deep fissures into which the water is precipitated, are fringed with moss and shrubs, whose colours are in many places reflected on the surface.

This circumstance should have been earlier noticed, for it was the appearance which we observed on ascending through the Wood:—at our return the night was too fast approaching for it to be noticed.

We had only to contemplate the sweet serenity of Evening, amidst the stillness of a gloomy thicket, and surrounded with rock scenery, thrown about in the wildest and most grotesque forms imaginable.

" Now Silence holds her solemn sway ;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray :
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard ;
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, Night's solitary bird."

* * * * * * * *

" Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest ! "

CHAP. XXXIV.

Plymton — the Castle — Totnes — the Church — View from the Inn.

AFTER passing the night at *Ivy-Bridge*, we arose early in the morning and proceeded to *Plymton;* which is an indifferent Town, of considerable antiquity, but not particularly deserving of notice.

The Castle has mouldered into ruins, which lie prostrate on the earth, in obedience to the irresistible decree of Time. A small portion of the keep is, however, still standing, on an artificial eminence: and it appears to have been erected about the same time as the present keep of *Trematon*, Castle, before described.

We rode through the little village of *Yealmton*, and passed a large white house called *Fleet*, the

residence of Mr. *Buntell*, and *Kitley*, standing in an extensive park—but not meeting with any thing in either of these places to admire or dispraise, we pursued our journey to *Totnes*.

Totnes is a large dull Town, on the side of a steep hill. It is neither enlivened by company, nor enriched by commerce. Moderately affluent, and not excessively encumbered with business, it's inhabitants tread the same dull round in quietness and retirement: and, with very few exceptions,

> "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never *learn* to stray;
> Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
> They *keep* the noisless tenor of their way."
>
> GRAY.

The walls of the Town have been almost entirely demolished,—one only of the gates now remains, in the north-east part of the Town, not far from the Castle, which is situated on the summit of a hill. The form and size of this fortress nearly corresponds with the Castle of *Plymton*.

The river *Dart*, over which there is a narrow stone bridge, is navigable from *Totnes* to *Dartmouth*; and it is usual for the Country people to go thither to the Markets, by water.

The Church stands on the east side of the principal street; and you approach it through the Market-place, which has an Assembly-room over it.

There is a great deal of carving, in wood, about the Chancel; and four coats of Arms, of as many Bishops of *Exeter*.

In the chancel, is a Monument of Mr. *Blackall*, who (as the inscription sets forth) had four wives. The date is early in the last century; but all the figures are not distinctly legible. The Gentleman is represented by a figure, most preposterously disproportionate, kneeling at an altar, —on the opposite side of which are four mournful looking females, clad in long black gowns, whose countenances are so dismal, that one should have

rather taken each of them for a widow, who had lost *four* husbands.

The Pillars of the Church are Gothic; and the Tower, which is square, is ornamented with pinnacles.

Totnes owes it's charter to King *John*. It was walled in, and the Castle erected in the time of *Edward* the first.

From the windows of the Inn the prospect is delightful:—A gravel walk running round a bowling green; and a group of fine trees, at the foot of a swelling hill, which rises boldly on the west side of the town, and is covered with beautifully verdant enclosures.

We saw this too, at a time when Nature had taken peculiar pains to decorate the scene—for it was on a fine morning in Autumn, just as the rising Sun, with all the soft mildness of that season, had regilded the variegated leaves, and sparkled in myriads of impending dew drops.

"Every landscape," says Mr. *Gilpin*, "is in itself a scene of great variety:—there are few landscapes which have not at some time or other their happy moments,—and he who does not attend to the variations of the atmosphere, loses half the beauty of his views."

I had scarcely taken a minute of the scene, just described, to assist my recollection of it, when the Sun was suddenly obscured by a dismal cloud; which presently decended upon us, in all the violence of an equinoxial shower.

How suddenly are our brightest prospects obscured!—and when in the bloom of health, and glowing in the sunshine of prosperity, how unexpectedly may the iron hand of disease or misfortune fall upon us,—destroy our hopes, and banish our happiness.

CHAP. XXXV.

Walk to Bury-Pomeroy—Description—Reflections—the Church—Seymour Family—Newton-Bushel Hall-Down—Exeter—Axminster.

WE made a pedestrian excursion, to see the ruins of *Bury-Pomeroy* or *Pomereis*, the ancient seat of a family of that name, by whom it was inhabited, from the time of it's erection, in the reign of *William* the Conqueror, till the *Seymours* purchased it, about two hundred and fifty years ago.

From the first hill which we ascended, we were presented with a good view of *Totnes* (the houses of which are, in general, white, and slated) interspersed with fine tall elms, and embraced by a bend in the course of the river *Dart*.

Near two miles from *Totnes* we left the high road, in order to obtain a prospect of *Torbay*—

the expanse of water is fine, but there were only a few fishing boats in sight, and the weather was rather too calm for aquatic scenery.

The Fortifications at *Berry-head* seem to crown the western Promontory of the Bay.

The Village of *Torbay* is remarkable for the landing of King *William* the third.

Approaching *Bury-Pomeroy* Castle, the descent lay through a beautiful dingle; among whose leafy shades we wandered with great pleasure, till a little break in the wood introduced to us one of the most picturesque ruins, which a romantic imagination can conceive.

" Hail! ye lonely mansions, hail!
Where nor guilt nor cares prevail.
All your busy scenes are fled;
Mix'd your tyrants with the dead:
Your walls with spreading green array'd;
Bending arches, solemn shade;
Parting tow'rs, and ramparts vast,
Dungeons dark, and prospects waste!"

The building seems rent in every direction, by the desolating hand of time; and it is in some places sixty feet high, but in others scarcely one stone is left upon another.

The entrance is from the south, between two hexagon Towers, covered with ivy,—and under a Gothic arch, in which the grooves for the Portcullis remain.

One little room in the gateway is still nearly entire,—and the arches of the roof are formed with granite; some of the pieces of which are seven feet long.

A difficult ascent of half-broken steps led us to the top of the gateway, from whence is a bold prospect of the Hills northward; and, among them, of an abrupt precipice, rising above the rest, and distinguished by the appellation of *Haytor* Rock.

We had likewise a view before us, of the village of *Dartington*, a monastic building, the seat

of the *Champernownes*, of which we heard so much, that it was with regret, I left this part of the country without visiting it.

A little brook runs at the foot of the ruin, and "babbles bye" with garrulous harmony.

We crossed the stream, in order to examine the appearance of the Castle, from the opposite hill; and walked under the sinking arches of several most noble apartments, all crumbling into oblivion.

The surfaces of the stones are, in many places, overspread with a kind of glossy substance, which seems to have been produced by a decomposition of the cement used in the building.

I sate down on the northern bank of the rivulet, and enjoyed the scene, with rapturous admiration;—so beautiful is the ruin from thence.

The tottering fragments of it's mouldering walls, around which, that constant lover of antiquity, the Ivy, every where entwines itself, crown an eminence, enclosed on all sides by a gloomy wood.—Silent are now those festive sounds, which, in former ages, gladdened the hospitable mansion.—The blazing hearth no longer cheers the long dark Winter's night; nor does the sparkling goblet diffuse it's influence in the circle of assembled friends. Even Echo herself, tired with responding to the melancholy shrieks of the bird of Evening, has forsaken this desolated habitation.

My imagination hastened back to the æra of feudal splendor, and contemplated, in these ruins, the pomp and solemnity of ancient days. But, *the age of chivalry is gone!* and while every patriot feeling beats at the remembrance of the "generous virtues, nursed in the these schools of fortitude, honour and courtesy," we cannot forget that the magnificence of past ages, was founded on the ruins of public freedom; and the usurpation of private property: and may console ourselves for

the loss of this splendid pageantry, by the happy reflection, that with that loss, we have also exchanged the savage manners, and ferocious customs of a gothic age, for the refined delights, and softer virtues of science and civilization.

My Companions having left me in this reverie, in searching for them, I chanced to straggle into the Church-yard—where, on one of the grave stones, I saw "the grateful mem'ry of the good" recorded, in the name of ——— *Carter*, who was Servant to Sir *Edward Seymour* and his Son, during a period of 56 years:—he died in 1692.

The Church-porch has a very handsome Gothic arched ceiling—at the junction of the ribs of the arch, is an escutcheon, with *a Lion rampant, within an engrailed border.*

At the east end of the north aisle, is a formal painted monument of alabaster, with the following inscription:—

"In memory of
the Honourable Lord *Edward Seymour*, Knight, Son of Right Honourable *Edward Seymour*, Duke of *Somerset*, who died *May* 2d. 1593.

"Also *Edward Seymour* his Son, Baronet, who died *April* 10th. 1613, and of Lady *Elizabeth*, his Wife, Daughter of Sir *Arthur Champernowne*."

It appears that the last mentioned couple had eleven Children.

There are three figures lying on their left side, on three steps, in a position so constrained, and awkward, that it gives one pain to look at them. The men are in armour, the woman in a black dress.

Recollecting the long line of ancestry and greatness from which this illustrious family derived it's honors, the following couplet occurred to me, as offering a proper excuse for the position in which the artist has placed the Statues:—

"Pour miex representer leurs grandeurs abattues,
L'artiste sur le marbre, a couche leurs statues."

The Knight's Helmet is placed near his head, and he holds a Truncheon in his left hand; but lies cross-legged, like the Knights Templars. At the Lady's head is a little figure of a child, in a cradle, and another, in a grotesque chair, at the feet, with a fine cap on;—below are nine figures, kneeling behind each other, five boys on one side, and four girls on the other, with books open before them. Two of the males are in armour, the other three, and all the girls in long black gowns, with ruffs about their necks.

This Mounment was cleaned and repaired (as the inscription sets forth), in 1771, by order of *Edward* Duke of *Somerset*, the eighth in lineal decent from the Protector *Seymour*, by his first Wife, *Catherine*, Daughter of Sir *William Fylol*.

The Church and Chancel are separated by a Gothic partition, richly carved and gilt.

On the north side of the altar is an old Tomb standing in the wall, but the brasses are gone.

On a plate, in the floor of the middle aisle, is the date, 1590.

The *Seymour* Arms appear in the east window, with the ducal Coronet.

Near the Church is an old Mansion-house, occasionally used by the Family of the Duke of *Somerset*, when in this part of the country.

The house itself has been modernized; but the building, used as offices, appears of very great antiquity.

King *Henry* the eighth married *Jane Seymour* from hence.

We returned the same evening to *Totnes*, and the next day proceeded to *Exeter*, passing through *Newton-Bushel*, a miserable dirty, close, inconvenient town, which deserves no farther notice, than that the streets are narrow, rough, and ill built.

The road passes near the seats of Lord *Clifford*, and the Earl of *Lisburne*,—and we crossed *Hall-down*, from whence there is a fine prospect of the river *Ex*, by *Topsham*, down to the sea,—and arrived at *Exeter* without meeting with any occurrence worth mentioning.

We travelled over the same ground we had before passed, to *Axminster*, of which, from the unfavourableness of the weather, we did not at all increase our good opinion: although it certainly afforded us both reason and opportunity to strengthen what was before advanced in praise of the accomodations to be met with at the *George* Inn.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Charmouth — Curious Phenomenon — Pyrites — Bridport — Barrows — Maiden-Castle — Pomebury.

THE Road from *Axminster* to *Bridport* is very hilly, and presents, at different points, some agreeable openings to the sea.

We breakfasted at *Charmouth*, a beautiful little town, neatly built on the ascent of a hill, near the sea side; and (as it's name implies) at the place where the river *Char* disembogues itself into the sea. The stream glides almost imperceptibly along, without a murmur:—but the banks of it are so prettily varied, as to make up for any defect of scenery in that respect.

There is an air of neatness and comfort in the little Inns, and indeed in the very Cottages, which gives one pleasure even to look at.

It was near *Charmouth* that two engagements took place, early in the ninth century; between the ancient Inhabitants of this island, and their *Danish* Invaders, in both of which the latter were victorious.

A remarkable phenomenon is related to have happened here, in 1751.

" After very hot weather, followed by sudden rain, the Cliffs near *Charmouth* began to smoke; and soon after to burn, with a visible but subtile flame; which continued to be the case, at intervals, for some weeks, especially after rain."

The Cliffs, near this place, were afterwards examined, and a great quantity of *Pyrites* was found interspersed in large masses, through a dark coloured loam, impregnated with *Bitumen*—and here and there lumps of vitriolic stone.

Portions of these Cliffs, containing the *Pyrites*, were collected by a neighbouring gentleman, who caused them to be wetted every day, for some

time; and then ignition took place in the manner before mentioned.

The Colour of the *Pyrites*, depends upon the predominant quantity of one of the four ingredients, which enter into it's composition:—namely, Sulphur, Vitriol, Arsenic, and Iron.

The surface of barren land, in various parts of *Devonshire*, particularly near *Plymouth*, abounds with this compound. It is generally of a greenish hue; but I do not find that any attempts are made to extract from it those useful substances, Copperas and Sulphur, which it contains in so large quantities.

In *Derbyshire*, Copperas is obtained from some; but even there, where mineral concerns are much attended to, I believe they do not extract the Sulphur.

Bridport had lately suffered considerably by a fire, which consumed several houses on the west side of the Town.

It appears to be an industrious thriving place, well built, and respectable: seeming to have derived great advantages from the annual visit of the Royal Family to *Weymouth*, and the consequent increase of travelling and trafic, in these parts.

A few miles from *Bridport*, the Downs are very interesting; not only on account of the prospects which they afford, but also from the numerous Barrows with which they are covered.

I observed several, not far from the Road, very accurately formed; and, apparently, hitherto undisturbed.

Farther on, another vestige of remote antiquity offered itself to our notice;—an exact circle of nine or ten large unhewn stones of irregular height:—they stand in a little green field, by the side of the road; and avarice has not yet tempted the proprietor of the land to disturb them. The diameter of the circle is not more than about ten feet.

These Circles are very commonly met with, in various parts of *Great Britain*, particularly in *Wales*; and they have been usually attributed to the Druids.

That they were intended for religious purposes, by the aboriginal inhabitants of this isle, there can be no doubt; but whether designed for frequent use, or only consecrated upon some great solemnities, or particular occasions, seems rather uncertain.

Ashes have been dug up, within the Areas of these circles: and there are almost always found not far from them, clusters of sepulchral barrows. Might they not be used in those barbarous ages, when human sacrifices, and oblations of bloody terror were thought acceptable to the merciful and compassionate Father of the Universe?

Soon after having passed this remarkable spot, the hills to the southward are covered with

innumerable Tumuli, of which we have no historical account; but where

> "Fancy, glancing o'er the hostile plain,
> Plants a fond trophy o'er the mighty slain."

Three miles south west of *Dorchester*, is the great Roman encampment of *Maiden-Castle*, said to occupy ten acres of ground. It seems to have undergone several alterations, and to have had *out works* added to the original entrenchments.

It is enclosed with three very deep ditches; and the form appeared to me, rather more like a Roman D than a Circle. Perhaps it may have been square, with two of the angles rounded off. It occupies a noble eminence, and towers over the neighbouring country with formidable grandeur.

The wind was so very tempestuous, that we did not ride round the station; and the almost brutal ignorance of the people whom we happened to meet with, near the spot, only served to perplex, rather than inform.

It is said to resemble two camps, situated close together, and only separated by a deep ravine.

On the opposite side of the turnpike road, and nearer *Dorchester*, not far from the site of the new Barracks, is another Camp, evidently *Roman*, and which is called *Pomebury* or *Poundbury*.

This is enclosed by a single rampart of earth, approaching to the square form; and covers but a small quantity of ground.

A third Encampment, which is the smallest of all, lies near the road leading to *Weymouth*. It appeared to me of a circular form (but as I only observed it *en passant*, I do not pretend to speak of it with accuracy), and has been attributed to the *Danes*.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Dorchester—Blandford—Road to Sarum—Woden's Dyke—Tumuli—Pass through Salisbury—Andover—Basingstoke—Road to London—Summer Retreats of the Citizens.

DORCHESTER, anciently *Durnovaria*, is a large and populous Town; but presents nothing to a casual Traveller, either particularly interesting or remarkable, unless we should mention the uncommon excellence of the Roads, near and through it.

The Cavalry, encamped near *Weymouth*, in 1795, opened one of the Barrows, between that place and *Dorchester*, and dug up a Skeleton; but I could not ascertain whether any weapons or ornaments were discovered.

Half a mile from *Dorchester* is the seat Mr. *O'Brian*, surrounded by large plantations.

Near the Road, we saw five Tumuli close together; and not far from them had a retrospective view of the Fortification of *Badbury* near *Blandford*.

We arrived very late at night at the last mentioned Town; and were detained there for two days, by particular business, which confined us so constantly that we had no opportunity of enlarging our remarks on the neighbourhood.

In journeying toward *Salisbury*, we observed upon the Downs, on the right, several barrows of different sizes, chiefly circular:—one, very large Tumulus, on the left, oval or navicularly shaped, such as Doctor *Stukeley* speaks of.

In another part of the Road, we saw many small and low barrows, enclosed by a circular mound of earth.

The Counties of *Dorset* and *Wilts* are divided by a great Vallum or Ravine, called *Woden's Dyke*, and now, by corruption, *Bogleigh* or *Bogley* Ditch—the course of which crossing our road, we could trace it for, at least, two miles.

I enquired of some Shepherds, who were tending their flocks on the Downs, where this Bank terminated—one of them said, "*a terrible ways off.*" Upon asking how far that might be, we were answered, "they *zays* it goes into *Vrance*, but I never *zeed* it myself."

The largest Tumulus is about ten miles from *Salisbury*: there is a kind of circle described by nine or ten barrows (some of them large, others very small), and in the centre is a ring, and a small Tumulus or rising within it. Whether this was the burial place of some Chieftain or Person of Note, or whether the rank of the deceased was distinguished by the size of the Tumulus I do not know.

It has been supposed, that the bones of the vulgar dead were deposited in a circle, afterwards covered over with turf, near the place where their leaders were buried; but I am rather inclined to favour the opinion, that the Chief was inhumated in the centre, and those who had fallen under his command, placed under barrows around him—but out of the circle, which enclosed his own Tumulus.

And it has likewise been said, that the *Danes* only enclosed the barrows of their Chiefs with a raised circle of earth; but this opinion is not generally assented to.

At *Salisbury* we attended divine service in the Cathedral, and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop.

Continuing our route the next morning towards *Andover*, we passed a few Barrows; which, with the general nakedness of the downs, afforded but a desolate and melancholy prospect.

Andover is a large cheerful town; with some good Inns, excellent Shops, a neat Market-house, and two Bridges.

The Church is ancient and venerable; having a fine Saxon arch, at the west end, in high preservation.

We re-entered *Hampshire*; and, at *Freefolk*, passed Mr. *Portal's*, a large new House: and on the right, a little beyond it, is *Manydown*, the seat of Mr. *Bramstone*.

Rode through the village of *Overton*, to *Whitchurch*, and passed *Hurstborne* Park, a magnificent Seat of the Earl of *Portsmouth*.

At *Basingstoke* is a small ruinous Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, standing upon a lofty eminence, above the Town; and now used as a School.

The Church is large, but devoid of elegance;

and the Streets are neither handsome, nor well paved.

At *Bagshot* Heath we crossed a navigable Canal, which intercepts that dreary waste, and leaving Lord *Bolton's* Seat, at *Hackwood*, on the right, hastened, with the utmost expedition, to the Metropolis.

After having been in search of the finest works of Art, and observing Nature in her loveliest dress, one can have little relish for the dusty neighbourhood of *London;* and it would be in vain for me to attempt to amuse or entertain, by particularizing those whimsical productions of sickening taste, which are falsely denominated Houses; and which were now become the only objects within our view. Those ill constructed ridiculous habitations, which have been miserably stuck together, by the directions of narrow minded citizens, whose ideas scarcely ever before wandered from the smoke of *Cheapside* and *Thames-street.*

Among them, we meet with all the nonsense and absurdity, which unbounded folly, aided by the omnipotent assistance of immense wealth, can possibly have contrived:—efforts, even disgraceful to the vulgar heads which gave them birth.

On this road you may see—a little Park, and a Paddock, a Kitchen-garden, and a Shrubbery, crammed, higgledy piggledy, into a piece of ground, the size of a table cloth. Gothic Seats and Chinese Temples, inviting you to a general banquet of *all* the sences, by the side of a stagnant duck-pool. Ha-has, and chevoix-du-frizes, endangering your limbs, every step you take:—monstrous images and uncouth statues grinning in your face,—lame Cupids and fat Venuses, with countenances stupid as the blocks from whence they were hewn;—in short, every contrariety, which can provoke ridicule or excite contempt, is here to be met with.

"We cannot help remarking," says an ingenious author, "the comparative virtue of taste

and expence. The former, with very little of the latter, will always produce something pleasing: while the utmost efforts of the latter, unaided by the former, are ineffectual. The larger the proportion of misguided expence, the wider will the deformity spread: whereas, every touch in the hand of taste, has so far it's effect."

Let the honest Citizen enjoy all the comforts of his industry, and all the ease and happiness which wealth and credit can procure him;—far be it from me, to attempt to put him out of humour with the works of his own creation: but no consideration whatever shall tempt me to admire or to approve that abominable species of false taste, which has bade defiance to every rule of Architecture and Gardening, and brought more disgrace on the neighbourhood of the Metropolis of late years, than it ever suffered in the days of Dutch formality, when nothing could be done without the line and the sheers; and scarcely a sun-dial dared shew it's face on one side of the garden, without another to match it on the opposite.

A Tree, which grew in all the luxuriancy of Nature, was clipped unmercifully, into the most hideous form,—and, afterwards, it was necessary to procure another to match it.

Instead of the native wildness of unrestrained vegetation, which imparts the softest, tenderest, most agreeable sensations to the observer:—nothing but horror and disgust accompanied a garden—and a person of delicacy might full as well have walked into a menagerie.

The funeral Yew, and the rustic Box were not the only victims to these cruel clippings; but the *furor transmutandi* advanced still farther:—

"Monsters and Hydras, and Chimeras dire"

were engrafted upon every green tree; and our English Gardens might be supposed to have been bounded by the reptile-teeming Banks of the *Nile* and the *Euphrates*, instead of the delightful streams of *Thames* and *Sabrina!*

A story is told of an old Nobleman of distinguished taste, who was determined to out-do his contemporaries, and is said to have spent many years, in perfecting one of these pieces of vegetable statuary,—to represent Adam, and Eve, and the Serpent, as large as life: but he tried in vain to fix an apple in the serpent's mouth; and was so much chagrined at his disappointment, that he removed from his paternal estate for mere vexation, and never returned to it afterwards.

At present the absurdity continues, though the taste is different. Every Ditch, a yard wide, must be a Canal, and every Brook a serpentine River. A Field must be a Park, and an Orchard a Shrubbery.

It would be easy to point out the spot, where all these different absurdities make their appearance together, in about an acre of ground; and to improve so much elegance and refinement, there is superadded a Chinese Pagoda, and an East Indian Entrance, under an Umbrella Door.

But, enough of this fantastic scenery; it is time for me to put a period to my Tour, by observing, that when we reached *London*, we had the happiness of meeting our Friends, after an interruption which heightened the enjoyment of their society.

CONCLUSION.

I have now brought this little work to a conclusion; and I send it into the World, with much more diffidence than boldness. I shall not, however, deprecate the severity of critical animadversion, because I know not that I have said any thing to provoke it—neither shall I solicit the approbation of my literary Judges,—because, to ask it, would imply a degree of confidence, which I do not feel; or a distrust of the liberality of ingenuous minds, which would be highly unbecoming.

I shall neither be surprised nor affronted at the satirical effusions of ill-nature; nor would the glittering bubble of public praise at all deprive me of the reflection, that *popular applause is lighter than a feather or a bubble, and less substantial than a dream.*

With regard to the execution of the work; I hope that the historical part of it, has neither been tedious nor uninteresting. My observations have been chiefly the effect of a memory habituated to *localize* the incidents with which History has furnished us.

The Descriptions are a faithful delineation of the impressions made upon my mind, at the time; and if, in a few instances, I have been tempted to digress from the immediate subject of a Tourist, by the uncommon beauty or sublimity of the scenes, which presented themselves, I can only regret, that my pen is so inadequate to do justice to these pleasing varieties of Nature and of Art.

I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid quotations, unless when the polished sentiments of a favorite Poet irresistibly intruded themselves.

I resign my pen,—with a consciousness, that not a line which I have written can wound th[e]

feelings of the most delicately sensible; nor raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, and virtue: I have neither satirized the great, nor insulted the cottager: I have not courted the smile of the powerful, nor libelled the laws, or the ministry. Sheltered in the obscurity of retirement, I disclaim every ambitious and every interested expectation:—if I have furnished entertainment for the intervals of relaxation from more serious studies, or a rational amusement for a leisure hour, which might have been worse applied—the design of the publication is completely answered; and I shall feel a gratification that will amply reward the pains I have taken.

FINIS